

THE

SATURDAY REVIEW

OF

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

No. 428, Vol. 17.

January 9, 1864.

PRICE 6d.
Stamped 7d.

NATIONALITY AND UNIVERSAL SUFFRAGE.

THE Emperor of the FRENCH assures the Prince of AUGUSTENBURG that he will remain faithful to the principle of nationality, although he must, at the same time, abide by the provisions of treaties and consult the feelings of his own subjects. Whatever may be the success of his efforts to resolve the Holstein question in strict conformity with two or three reciprocally contradictory principles, there can be no doubt that the EMPEROR believes in some rule of political conduct which may be called the doctrine of nationality. In transferring Lombardy from Austria to an Italian ruler, he took one step to the formation of national unity; but when he insisted on the dismemberment of the Kingdom of Piedmont as the price of his consent to the annexation of Central Italy, he reverted to the older and simpler principle that the strong should take what they can get. The separation of Nice from Italy added one more anomaly to the numerous instances in which political frontiers fail to coincide with boundary lines of race and language. The conquests of the middle ages and the dynastic arrangements of modern European monarchies have almost everywhere disregarded ethnological divisions. It is perfectly true that a State is most soundly constituted where the whole or the great majority of the inhabitants have the same language and a kindred descent; but custom, religion, and accident have nearly as much influence on political sympathies as common ancestry. The union of the German and French cantons of Switzerland has endured for hundreds of years, and a much shorter period appears to have reconciled Alsace and Lorraine to their position as provinces of France. Italy had a history as well as a national language, and the geographical conformation of the peninsula formed of itself a forcible reason for the exclusion of alien dominion. Wales, Brittany, and the Scotch Highlands are, in the present state of the world, locally incapable of the independence which they have long ceased to desire. On the other hand, the English nation, though no fraction of it acknowledges foreign allegiance, has for nearly a century been divided into two great States, which are absolutely distinct, and occasionally hostile. In another hundred years, if there are still theoretical advocates of nationality, they will probably have to explain away the existence of at least a dozen independent English States, scattered over every portion of the globe. Two possible candidates for their notice are at this moment engaged in a gigantic war for the sole purpose of determining whether an emancipated colony, or sub-nationality, may lawfully effect a second disruption within eighty or ninety years of the first. It may be hoped that Australia and Canada will swarm off more peaceably as soon as they find the old hive inconvenient. On the whole, the centripetal and centrifugal forces of nationality seem to be not unequally balanced.

In speculative inquiries, the Emperor NAPOLEON, like other philosophers, has, in a certain sense, a right to be wrong; but propositions which may be harmlessly vented by a professor or essayist acquire a very different importance when they form the substance of State papers. The obligation of Christendom to reconquer the Holy Sepulchre became a great political reality, instead of a questionable doctrine, when it set the crusading armies of the West in motion. Long afterwards, two or three trinkets attached to the same venerable shrine served as a pretext for the war of France and England against Russia. The principle of nationalities has become serious and definite since great potentates have thought it convenient to justify their designs on ethnological grounds. No ruler, indeed, has yet thought it necessary to renounce the allegiance of his alien subjects, but Russia feels called upon to unite the Slavonic populations of South-Eastern Europe, and Germany is bent on reclaiming an outlying province which happens to have been subjected to a foreign Government of limited power. The Emperor NAPOLEON himself took possession of Savoy

because the people spoke French, and because they occupied the North-Western slope of the Alps. The simultaneous seizure of an Italian district was probably regarded as a trifling inconsistency. When it was deemed expedient to render Mexico a dependency of France, it became necessary, as neither CORTEZ nor MONTEZUMA were Frenchmen, to invent a new class, or genus, which should include the invader and the conquered population. The EMPEROR accordingly informed General FOREY that, as the head of the Latin race, he felt bound to establish a counterpoise in the Western hemisphere to the preponderance of the Teutonic Anglo-Americans. The French have paid several millions for the honour of representing the various nations which speak various dialects of the wide-spread Romance languages. Spain, Italy, and Wallachia are virtually present in Mexico in the persons of the French soldiers who bear the entire burden of the principle of nationality. As almost any existing State might either be cut in two or doubled by a judicious application of the same doctrine, it becomes necessary to watch the policy of a warlike Sovereign who has provided for himself so elastic a justification. It is not unsatisfactory to have escaped a Congress in which almost any conceivable change might have been proposed for the vindication of some national claim or aspiration. The rights derived from treaties and from possession may be less sublime, but they are more easily ascertained.

To correct or to guide the ambiguous utterances of the oracle of nationality, French ingenuity has invented the still more accommodating device of universal suffrage. In Naples, in Savoy, and in Nice, the majority of the entire population has been supposed to ratify the decisions of war and of diplomacy; and the Archduke MAXIMILIAN, acting under French inspiration, requires that the same ceremony shall precede his installation as Emperor of the Mexican branch of the Latin race. Some ambitious Parisian writers maintain that the Congress would have been most suitably employed in establishing a new public law on the double basis of nationality and universal suffrage. If the scheme were likely to be adopted, it would be desirable to receive some explanation as to the proposed arrangement of electoral districts. Holstein and Schleswig, voting together, would undoubtedly annex themselves to Germany; but if the intermediate Frisian population inclined to the Danish cause, Schleswig, as a separate unity, would probably arrive at an opposite conclusion. It would, however, be idle to enter into a serious discussion of an absurd and impossible contrivance. No accident of force and fraud, or of the hereditary descent of princes, is as mischievous as the confusion which would make national existence contingent on the popular caprice of a single day. Where national independence has really been achieved, the necessary efforts and sacrifices have in almost all cases been undergone by an enlightened minority. It would be intolerable that the fruit of their labours should be confiscated by the irresponsible voice of a factious or deluded mob, nor has any excuse ever been assigned for the absurdity of making a single vote conclusive of the fate of a whole generation and of an indefinite posterity. The proprietors of the nostrum understand its merits too well to rely on its unassisted operation, and the experiment has never been tried until the result was already determined by superior force. It has not even been customary to allow a possible alternative of the required vote. The multitude is asked to approve a usurpation or a conquest, but the consequence of a negative answer is not explained, as indeed it admits of no explanation. If it were possible that the Mexicans should vote against the proposed Empire, they would not find themselves exempt from the good or evil influences of French supremacy.

Nationality and universal suffrage, taken together or separately, mean, in the intention of their advocates, little more than the universal dictation of France. The clever journalists

who abstain with habitual care from all study of foreign opinion and literature have persuaded themselves and each other, by long iteration, that Europe, or the world at large, longs for the presence of French armies and for the undefined ideas which they are supposed to carry in their train. The enterprises of the first NAPOLEON still form the ideal of visionary projectors. It is true that the great conqueror knew and cared so little about nationality that, after over-running every country within his reach, he informed his disciples at St. Helena that Great Britain and Ireland were, like his own Italian island of Corsica, destined by nature to be a portion of France. If his prophecy were likely to be accomplished, his admirers would easily surmount the difficulties of separate nationality, adopting perhaps, in preference, the auxiliary machine of the ballot-box to sanction the decision of arms. For the present, their hopes are more modest, and they would be content with Belgium because it is French in language, and with Rhenish Germany because it is interposed between France and the river. If either country were once conquered and occupied, the farce of Nice would easily be reproduced. The inhabitants of the coveted district would have the same liberty of choice with the parishioners of Knockarlitie, when they gave a harmonious call to the nominee of the Duke of ARGYLL. "The Captain," said DAVID DEANS, "assures me that the call is unanimous on the part of the parishioners—a real harmonious call, REUBEN." "I believe," said DUNCAN, "it was as harmonious as could be expected, when the tae half o' the bodies were claverin' 'Saasensach, and the tother skirling Gaelic, like sea-maws and clack-geese before a storm. Ane wad hae needed the gift of tongues to ken preceesly what they said—but I believe the best end of it was, 'Long live MACCALLUM MORE and Knockdunder.' And as to its being 'a unanimous call,' I wad be glad to ken fat business the carles have to call onything or onybody but what the DUKE and myself 'likes?' The analogy is the more perfect because the parish of Knockarlitie, like the Republic or Empire of Mexico, included two nationalities. There is no doubt that, whether the voters claver in Spanish or skirl in Indian, the best end of their shouts will be 'Long live NAPOLEON III. and General BAZAINE.' If the Archduke MAXIMILIAN should require additional satisfaction, he may profit by the further answer which his prototype received from the arbitrary Captain of Knockdunder. "Nevertheless," said Mr. BUTLER, "if any of the parishioners have any scruples, which sometimes happen in the mind of sincere professors, I should be happy of an opportunity of trying to remove—" "Never fash your peard about it, man," interrupted DUNCAN KNOCK, "leave it a' to me. Scruple! deil ane o' them has been bred up to scruple onything they're bidden to do. And if sic a thing suld happen as ye speak o', ye sall see the sincere professor, as ye ca' him, towed at the stern of my boat for a few furlongs. I'll try if the water of the Haly Loch winna wash off scruples as weel as fleas—Cot tam!" The Emperor NAPOLEON is perfectly welcome to be the MACCALLUM MORE of Mexico, but when it is proposed to introduce the same system of harmonious calls on the Continent of Europe, England may without discourtesy abstain from sanctioning, by presence or by discussion, the new system of international law.

ITALY.

ALL accounts agree that there is at this moment one of those stirs through the minor nations of the Continent which have so often passed away under the strong control of the Great Powers, but which also have so often ended in revolution, or in wars of more or less importance. The minor German Sovereigns are avowedly driven forward in the Schleswig-Holstein quarrel by the fear that, unless they provide a vent for the excited feelings of their people in war, the people will find it for themselves in revolution. But the stir is making itself felt more vividly out of Germany than in it. KOSSUTH has addressed his old friends in Hungary, and invited them to try their chance once again before it is too late. The power of M. KOSSUTH in Hungary is probably much smaller than he professes to believe it; for an exile is soon forgotten, and the men who have guided the Magyar resistance to Austria in recent years are men of so different a stamp from M. KOSSUTH that they can scarcely be willing that he should prescribe the forms and manner of their action. Nor is it certain that, even among the Magyars most desirous of local independence, there is any wish for the total separation from Austria which M. KOSSUTH recommends, or any disregard approaching to what he can boast of the enormous difficulties which Hungary,

isolated and at strife within itself, would have to encounter if it could by some strange change of circumstances manage to get free from Austria. Still it is probable that in Hungary, as well as all along the banks of the Lower Danube, there is a thrill of hope, an attitude of eager expectation, and a belief that something startling is going to happen soon, which will give all who wish for change of any sort, and know how to profit by the occasion, the opportunity for which they have been longing. Experience shows that revolutions are not prevented by the probability, discernible by outsiders, that the dangers to be encountered are much greater than is supposed, and that there is no clear and definite aim to which the efforts of adventurers are to be directed. The population of the Danube has long seen the spectacle, once so unfamiliar, of the paralysis of the Great Powers adjoining them. Austria is crippled by the variety, the dissimilarity, and the antipathy of the different nations subject to her; Turkey cannot exercise the military strength which she undoubtedly possesses, because Russia and France will not allow her free action; and Russia herself has never recovered from the check she received in the Crimean war. Therefore, the semi-barbarous tribes or nations in whom the increase of communication with Western Europe along the line of the Danube has been for some time awakening a spirit of independence, long to make some signal step in advance which may give them confidence and reputation, while they may naturally be inclined to underrate the pressure which their great military neighbours could exercise on them if matters grew serious. The Prince who owes to the arrangements of the Treaty of Paris the sovereignty over one of the Danubian Principalities, and to his infraction of those arrangements the sovereignty over the other, is putting himself at the head of this movement, and is importing the weapons which, if revolution breaks out, will be the most immediate and serious want of the insurgents. The misery of an unsuccessful revolution in uncivilized countries is so great, the Danubian populations are apparently so little fit to found at present any Government that could be lasting, and the chances are so much against them if Austria and Turkey set to work in earnest and are not impeded by the outbreak of a general war, that even those who are far from thinking that the Governments of Austria and Turkey are perfect may reasonably wish that those who are planning the revolution should not make the attempt. But there can be little doubt that, if the attempt is not made, and the spring of the year passes away unmarked by a great outbreak on the Danube, many of those who have most influence in those regions will be terribly disappointed.

It is to Italy that they look as the centre and the stronghold of revolution. Eighteen months ago, it is notorious that GARIBALDI was invited to head a great rising in the East, which should embarrass and occupy Austria, and make the task of Italy more easy. The Italian Ministry of the day was privy to the scheme, and it is said that it only fell to the ground because at the last moment it was judged to be unadvisable by the superior authority at the Tuileries, to whom the projects of the Italian Ministry were referred. But the plan, although postponed, was not abandoned; and it is evident that, as Italy is determined to fight Austria on the first opportunity, every one who wishes to weaken and oppose Austria may count on the assistance of Italy. The heads of the Italian party of action evidently think that the time is come when some bold step may be taken; and, although there are few persons whose practical judgment is less to be trusted than MAZZINI or GARIBALDI, they are at least in the secrets of their own party, and must know what that party intends and expects. The withdrawal of GARIBALDI from the Italian Parliament would be a matter of no importance had it occurred at any other time, for he is of all men the least fit to shine in the wearisome encounters and intrigues of Parliamentary life. But he must be supposed to have some ground for thinking that an opportunity of more congenial action was at hand for him, and that he could assist and stimulate Italy by denouncing its Government, separating himself from its civil difficulties, and forcing the King to put himself at the head of the revolutionary party. The King, too, has given great and unexpected encouragement to those who are weary of the ceaseless and often petty struggles of peaceful reforms and improvements, and who long for disturbance, enterprise, and action. He could scarcely have used any expressions more sure to excite and agitate the public mind than those which he employed on New Year's Day. To utter a confident hope that although the opportunity of completing the deliverance of Italy did not present itself last year, it will do so this year, was at least a very explicit and honourable warning to Austria of what she has to expect. The present Italian Ministry is pro-

bably averse to any very bold measure, but the present Ministry would be swept away in an instant if there were any strong gust of popular feeling to shake it; and many wise and moderate Italians, who see the rocks on which a war would hurry them, would welcome the actual outbreak of hostilities as an escape from the financial and political difficulties which press upon the country now. Italy has got an army which she is afraid to disband, and for which she cannot pay. But she must either lessen it, or get into debt by maintaining it, or use it at once for fighting; and the dread of the two former courses impels many to look favourably on the third.

It is not probable that any one in Italy relies on French support in the first instance. All war is unpopular in France, and another war for Italy would be pre-eminently unpopular. The popular French feeling is that Italy has got a great deal too much by the battles which France won at Magenta and Solferino; and in estimating the amount of gratitude which Italy ought to have displayed, it is found convenient to overlook the other side of the account, and to forget the extorted surrender of Savoy and Nice. The Italians know this, and one of the strongest motives which prompt them to war is the desire to show that they are now strong enough to act independently of France. Those who steadily look the danger in the face, and have set themselves to count the cost of what they will undertake if war is begun, know that, in the first instance, Italy must act almost alone; but they hope that an immediate rising in Hungary and all along the Danube will distract and embarrass Austria, and that at the very last, the French EMPEROR will preserve an attitude which will force Austria to hold a considerable portion of her force in reserve, lest a very doubtful friend should think it convenient to become an open enemy. If Germany has just proclaimed the sacredness of nationalities in Schleswig, it can scarcely turn to crush them in Venetia, and Austria will therefore be left to fight her battles alone. All these calculations and motives conduce to draw Italy to speedy war. But so long as peace is maintained there is always a hope that it may continue; and there are many considerations which may induce the governing classes in Italy to strive hard to keep things quiet for the present. In the first place, if the war between Austria and Italy is local, and France takes no part in it, the very success of Italy would bring her nearer to a great danger. If Venetia were recovered, the party that had set in motion the armies that won it would clamour for the liberation of Rome. This simply means, under present circumstances, a collision with France, and a collision with France would be simple madness. And in the next place, if Italy accepted the leadership of the revolutionary party in undertaking a war, it may be a very serious question whether this would not be the end of Parliamentary Government there. GARIBALDI cares nothing for the machinery of free Government, and is perfectly honest in this, for he evidently does not in the least understand it. He considers Ministers and political parties as mere drags on the action of the real friends of liberty, and he openly says that he would be very glad to get rid of them and substitute what he terms a Dictator-King, or what is more generally known as an absolute monarch. Many Italians, whom nothing else would deter from war, will shrink from the prospect of abandoning political liberty and sinking into a feeble imitation of the French Empire.

THE MURDERER TOWNLEY.

SIR GEORGE GREY and his subordinates seem to be bent on proving that there is some truth in Mr. CORDEN's dictum that England is a happy country only for rich men. The necessary inequalities of the criminal law are already marked enough. The difference in position and in chances of escape between the man who can pay the fees of a first-rate barrister and the man who cannot is not a pleasant subject of reflection. But these are evils from which it is impossible to escape; and they are reduced to the lowest possible point by the influence of the Judge, who is callous to rhetorical efforts, and by the publicity of the trial. Now, however, the advantages of wealth extend far beyond the conviction. The recent proceedings at Derby will give all future murderers in the "respectable" classes an idea of what an indefatigable attorney with a long purse can do for any one of them who may be unlucky enough to be condemned. He can canvass all the large towns of the North, and find 30,000 persons of a sentimental turn of mind to petition for the "unfortunate man's" life. He can retain numbers of medical men to declare, in opposition to the verdict of the jury, that he is insane. He can hunt up evidence, too flimsy to have been produced on the trial, and place it in its most highly-coloured

form before the HOME SECRETARY. He can get at the members of the jury by themselves, apart from the controlling influence of the Judge, and persuade them to "recommend an inquiry." In fact, there is no end to the influences which he can bring to bear by dint of plenty of money, abundance of convenient evidence (suppressed at the trial), and a full supply of weeping relatives. And, as long as Sir GEORGE GREY is in office, he is sure of a Home Secretary of timid mind and feeble character, who will always yield to any pressure that is applied with a vigorous hand, and who is fully alive to the horror of executing a member of the "respectable" classes.

The official journals have endeavoured to improve Sir GEORGE GREY's position by quoting in his behalf a clause in an Act of Parliament under which he professes to have acted. The enactment appealed to (3 and 4 Vict. c. 54, s. 1) is undoubtedly a curious one, and deserves the early attention of Parliament. The statute in which it occurs is mainly directed to the object of providing for the expenses incurred in the maintenance of criminal lunatics. But in one clause there is a provision that whenever any person, confined in any prison under sentence of transportation, imprisonment, or death, shall be declared insane by two physicians or surgeons, and two justices of the peace for the place in which the prison is situate, it shall be lawful for the SECRETARY of STATE to send him to an asylum. The ambiguity of these words "it shall be lawful" is well known. Sometimes they are merely permissive, sometimes they are held to be obligatory. If the latter interpretation is to be adopted, and no discretion is allowed to the SECRETARY of STATE, the enactment simply amounts to an abolition of the punishment of death, except, perhaps, in the case of the most destitute class. Considering the number of bodies that are empowered to grant medical degrees, it implies no disrespect to the profession to assume that two physicians or surgeons could generally be found, somewhere or other, who, for a moderate fee, would set their hands to any certificate that was put before them. And, that certificate once obtained, it would not be difficult, in these days when so much confusion of mind prevails even upon the most rudimentary questions of criminal jurisprudence, to find two magistrates who could be induced, "just for the sake of the poor fellow's family," to countersign the medical certificate. It is hardly possible, however, to believe that the Legislature intended an interpretation which would revolutionize the criminal law. The history of the statute throws no light upon the point. It came into existence in a manner sufficiently discreditable to the system upon which our legislation is conducted. The Bill was introduced into the House of Lords by Lord NORMANBY in 1840. No discussion took place upon it, except that one Peer made some observations upon the financial part of the measure—objecting to the maintenance of the lunatics being thrown upon the County Rates. Lord NORMANBY simply replied that there was nothing new in the Bill. The House was satisfied, and the subject dropped. The Bill passed without any further observation; and it ran through all its stages in the House of Commons without a single word being said upon it. Lord NORMANBY, in the main, was right. In most of its parts, the Bill amounted to little else than a re-enactment of the existing law. But there was one momentous alteration of which no notice had been taken. The previous Act upon the same subject, 9 Geo. IV. c. 40, in making a provision of the same kind respecting the ascertainment, by medical certificate, of the insanity of prisoners lying under sentence, had only mentioned prisoners who were under sentence of imprisonment or transportation. The Act of 1840 added the important words "or death." The enormous importance of this addition appears to have suggested itself neither to the Ministers nor to the Parliament of the day. We are now beginning to feel it. There is no great danger that a medical certificate will be improperly given for the sake of transferring a convict from the hulks to an asylum; for confinement in an asylum is rather the worst punishment of the two. Moreover, nobody as yet has started a crusade against the punishment of imprisonment. But there is an active and very unscrupulous section of the community who think neither falsehood nor perjury wrong if they tend to hinder the punishment of death. To enable people who are infected with this mania to stop an execution by a certificate of insanity is simply to declare that the execution shall not take place. No time ought to be lost in modifying a statute which, even by a possible interpretation, can lead to such results. In the criminal code of the State of New York, a plan has been adopted far more in consonance with the spirit of English law than that which, it seems, is to prevail under the Act of 1840. If there is good reason to believe

that a prisoner has become insane after sentence, the sheriff impanels a jury out of the grand jury list and tries the question; and then, if the jury find insanity, the prisoner is sent to an asylum under the sheriff's warrant. Thus the doctors are reduced from the position of judges to their true position as mere witnesses; the proceedings are public; and the responsibility of the ultimate decision does not rest upon the shoulders of any single man.

As far as the public scandal goes, nothing could be more damaging than the style of inquiry that was adopted by Sir GEORGE GREY, or the mode in which the certificate required under the Act was obtained. The defence, artfully enough, kept back the evidence of insanity about the seven white hats, and the three umbrellas, and the swimming-bath. They knew that such evidence would be knocked to pieces upon cross-examination, and would merely prejudice the jury against the prisoner. WINDHAM, whose eccentricities were of the same kind, only ten times more singular, was judicially declared sane. But the story of the white hats is just the sort of story suited to the purposes of a timid, self-deceiving mind, that is only longing to find some loop-hole by which to escape from the responsibility of leaving the law to take its course upon so well-connected a prisoner. It is exactly the JESSIE M'LACHLAN case over again. Evidence for the defence is not produced at the trial, probably for the best of reasons; and as soon as the public trial is over, Sir GEORGE GREY tries over again in secret the issues upon which judge and jury have decided in open court, and reverses their decision. But the injury to public morality has been far greater in the more recent transaction. In the M'LACHLAN case, the HOME SECRETARY merely proclaimed that he would overrule the verdict whenever what he calls public opinion—that is to say, two or three noisy meetings—could be induced to pronounce in the prisoner's favour. In the TOWNLEY case, he has affixed a far more grievous stigma upon the English law. He has proclaimed to the poor that England still upholds immunities of caste. They are not immunities from taxation, like those which roused the people of France to revolution, but immunities from the punishment awarded by law to the most hideous crimes, and meted out with exact severity to the friendless and the obscure. If anything could deepen the contempt into which this transaction tends to bring the alleged purity of English law, it is the conduct of the justices by whom the certificate was signed. They were already pledged men. They considered the prisoner insane at the time the jury found him sane, and they had expressed that belief in a petition. With opinions so prepared, they were induced by TOWNLEY's attorney to thrust themselves into a gaol with which they had no official connexion. There they went through the form of an inquiry to confirm their foregone conclusion, and they took the opinion of medical men who had been selected by the solicitors with a similar precaution. The decision at which they were to arrive was thus made quite safe beforehand: and when they came out, the requisite certificate was duly signed and despatched to the SECRETARY OF STATE. What was it that moved these magistrates and these physicians to take upon them an office out of their jurisdiction? Are they in the habit of passing their leisure time in superseding the office of the visiting justices, and inquiring into the sanity of all the prisoners who are confined in the gaol? Or if, as it would seem, they have never been seized with this fit of intrusive benevolence before, what was it that moved them to come forward in this particular case? Mr. CROMPTON, at the Quarter Sessions, gave it as his opinion that money had saved TOWNLEY. Mr. BARROW, on the other hand, thought that money had nothing to do with it. For our own part, we are not aware that it is ever necessary to seek any special explanation of the vagaries of sentimental philanthropy. At any rate, we are more concerned with the scandal which the magistrates and physicians have caused than with the motives by which they may have been actuated. There can be no doubt what construction has been put upon their conduct by the people of Derbyshire, or what judgment every artisan and every peasant in the county will pass upon them every time that he hears one of his own class is doomed to the death that TOWNLEY should have died. Whatever inquiry may be instituted into these proceedings, such scandals must not be suffered to recur. If we do not wish to arouse that bitter sense of injustice before which no institutions, however excellent, are safe, some more powerful authority must interfere. It is time that Parliament abandoned the silence it has hitherto observed upon proceedings of this kind. Some legislation ought to be provided to check the scandalous abuse of the prerogative of mercy which has taken place in recent years. If the verdicts of juries and the sentences of judges are to be set

aside, it ought to be by some tribunal as competent, as public, and as fearless as themselves.

THE ADDRESS OF THE CORPS LÉGISLATIF.

FRENCH official documents have one great advantage over all others. They alone are amusing. If the EMPEROR issues them, they are sure to be full of revelations of personal character, and to abound in those phrases which he delights to set afloat, and which the Continent is so pleased to imitate. If the documents are the fruits of such deliberations as are permitted in the Senate and the Lower Chamber, they entertain us with the frankness of their Imperialism, with their zealous adoption of the EMPEROR's ideas, and with the mixture of grandiloquence and humility in which the feeling of the Assemblies themselves is hinted, rather than conveyed, to the master of France. This time there is a feeling in the breasts of most Frenchmen so strong that it cannot be stifled altogether. The Corps Législatif, like the Senate, thirsts for peace. The EMPEROR is told that he has done all kinds of great and glorious things, but the most blessed thing he has done is to have declined to fight for Poland. The gratitude would not be so ardent if the danger had not been considerable. A war for Poland was at one time in the thoughts, not only of most Frenchmen, but of the EMPEROR himself; but the purpose has faded away, and the Lower Chamber can be deeply thankful to the EMPEROR for not compromising the treasure of France and the blood of her children for a cause in which neither her interest nor her honour is engaged. The French Chambers must be thankful for small mercies if they have much gratitude to bestow on a ruler who does not lead them into a war which confessedly would be neither necessary nor advantageous. But the Chamber does more than echo or invent vague sentiments. It shows the EMPEROR, as plainly as it dare, that war would be very unpopular in France, and that he must defy his subjects, or a large majority of them, if he is the first to give the signal for a European conflagration. The suffering that would follow from war, and the interruption to the progress of the country which it would cause, are dwelt on with a minuteness which is evidently designed not only to inform the EMPEROR what public opinion is, but to create or aid the public opinion with which he will have to reckon. The EMPEROR cannot be much enlightened by the information that the resources of the country will be sufficient to meet all demands without new taxation, provided these resources are prudently husbanded. But the millions who will read or learn the contents of the Address will be reminded by this statement that if the resources of the country are not prudently husbanded—if, that is, they are squandered on unnecessary fighting—then new taxes are inevitable. The details of the improvements which would be arrested by the breaking out of war are also evidently addressed to the consideration of the provincial electors. The average Parisian would have been perfectly satisfied with a few vague sentences about the arrest of industry and the blight of commerce. But the provincial mind likes details, and the framers of the Address therefore very adroitly observe that France wants peace, not only to construct new railways and open new ports, but also to make vicinal or cross-country roads. The small proprietors of agricultural France could have had no Christian sermons on peace and goodwill preached them so likely to have a practical effect as the assurance that, if they do not stick to peace and goodwill with foreign nations, they will have to part with more of their valued five-franc pieces for new taxes, and will be kept from the markets to which their neighbours on the main roads have convenient access.

This general wish for peace pervades all the criticisms of the Corps Législatif on the foreign policy of the EMPEROR. It is quite ready to agree with him about Russia. France has made up its mind not to fight Russia, and therefore France may as well be as good friends with Russia as possible. Besides, one good turn deserves another. And as Russia is now known to have helped France to get hold of Savoy and Nice by force, France may smooth by acquiescence the process of restoring the government of force in those provinces which force long ago gave Russia. From the French point of view, a strict and cordial alliance with Russia must be allowed to have many recommendations. France and Russia can, if thoroughly united, dictate to the Continent on all points which do not awaken profound and lasting local discontent. There is much of the map of Europe which they could rearrange, and, however much England might disapprove, it is by no means certain that they could not begin or end this

readjustment by a great change in European Turkey. At present, it is more to the purpose to remark that, if France and Russia both sincerely wish for peace, it is hard for a Continental war to spring up, or, if it arises, for it to assume any great proportions. England is sure to wish for peace, and will be slow to fight, unless honour or interest peremptorily demand it. Here we are not grateful to our rulers for keeping us out of unnecessary or disadvantageous wars. We are indignant with them if they do not do all in their power to avert all wars, except those that are necessary. As England is strong for peace, and as Russia must most sincerely wish for peace in the midst of her present troubles, France, by allying herself cordially with Russia, may be naturally thought by the Corps Législatif to be declaring herself for peace too, and to be forming a political combination by which peace will be ensured if anything can ensure it. When, however, another part of the foreign policy of France comes to be examined, the language of the Address changes. The wish for peace prompts a more adverse criticism of the EMPEROR's conduct. Adverse criticism of the EMPEROR in an Imperial Assembly assumes, we may be sure, a very velvety shape; but still it is easy to see what the Chamber really means when it discusses the Mexican expedition. Much credit is due to the author for the adroit method in which the EMPEROR is asked to observe that the Mexican expedition hitherto has been all pay and no play. The Chamber is made to acknowledge that the expedition is very glorious, that it must strike all observers with admiration of the power of France, and that it was unavoidable; but the EMPEROR is informed that his people would be glad to see some of the results realized which His MAJESTY has led them to expect. The expedition is costing France half a million sterling a month, and it seems reasonable and modest to ask that some little tangible advantage should be perceived to be springing, or to be likely to spring, from the outlay. That all this money should go merely to add to the public debt of an insolvent State on the other side of the Atlantic vexes the minds of Frenchmen; and the EMPEROR is invited to do more than he can do, and to bring about suddenly some advantageous issue of an expedition which, if it ever bears any fruit, can only yield it after the labour and expenditure of many years. The happy results of the Mexican adventure will not be attained speedily, however much the French may long for them; but the EMPEROR may probably be deterred from making another blunder of the same sort, by observing how great is the dissatisfaction which he has aroused by undertaking in Mexico to do so much for so small and distant a return.

The Address goes further than the mere advocacy of peace, for it intimates what France wants to do with peace when she has secured it. Something more than material prosperity is desired. The spirit of the nation is beginning to revive, and is not quite content with new railways and new ports, or even new vicinal roads. It wants more civil and political liberty. The Chamber has discovered that a sincere and gradual advance towards this liberty is necessary for the moral welfare of France. This is stronger language than has been used by the adherents of the present system for many years; and it is by no means certain that it is in accordance with the opinions of the EMPEROR. It is true that the official utterances which he has lately ordered, and which are adverse to any present expectations of the crowning of the edifice, may be merely intended to glorify the EMPEROR himself by enabling him to falsify the statements of his own Ministers. On many occasions in his reign he has played off this artifice, and has sacrificed his tools by bidding them declare against all reform, in order that he may have the glory of seeming to step suddenly in as a wise commanding being, far in advance of his followers, and, from the elevation of his proud superiority, offering boons to France. If the EMPEROR thinks concessions must now be made, he will make them as if they came from himself, and will not let their edge be blunted by any Minister being allowed to anticipate them. Therefore, not even the line which may be taken by the Government orators in the debate on the Address will necessarily disclose the real purpose of the EMPEROR. But he must be sensible that he is on the edge of an approach to that system of Parliamentary Government which he justly thinks so incompatible with Imperialism. The debate on the loan and M. DUPIN's speech on Poland reminded him how much even Imperialist Assemblies may be swayed by speakers of long Parliamentary experience, who know what to say and how to say it, and who, like constitutional monarchs, reign over those around them because they do not aspire to govern them. The nearer, therefore, the Chambers get to the character of Parliamentary Assemblies, the more will the EMPEROR be disposed, and even obliged, to with-

stand the movement; and as such a movement is most easily withstood at the outset, he is not likely to stimulate the new Deputies with the hope that, within the term for which they are elected, they are likely to see or to produce great political changes. At present, the movement is a very mild and feeble one, and the framers of the Address were studious to mitigate any offence, however slight, which they might give, and to overwhelm in a stream of compliments the expressions which might possibly wound what are termed the "susceptibilities" of the EMPEROR. The project of the Congress offered a theme equally ready and safe. It is easy to praise the conception as generous, and to omit to add that it was impracticable; and if a grave body likes to assert that this project, which seemed to be a means of gaining time for the EMPEROR's indecisive policy, was specially suggested by PROVIDENCE for the good of the human race, no one can say that this view is not the correct one. Still less can any one object to the exhortation addressed to the EMPEROR, bidding him wait calmly for the effect of his generous language. He evidently must wait some time for it, and the more calmly he waits the better.

AMERICA.

THE probable suspension of serious military operations for two or three months will give the Confederates breathing time, and it will also neutralize the superiority of the Northern armies until the time when about half their number will have completed their term of service. If half a million of men, including a considerable proportion of trained soldiers, can be brought into line in the ensuing summer, the difficulties of the South will become very serious. Nothing can be more confusing than the arguments which both parties found on the vast areas of territory which have been overrun by the Federals, or on the wide regions which are still unassailed. Experience shows that conquests effected by regular troops are seldom seriously disturbed by the operations of partisans or of detached columns. General GRANT now holds military possession of Mississippi and of the greater part of Tennessee, and it is still uncertain whether LONGSTREET has either the power or the wish to maintain himself in his present position. Yet it remains to be seen whether the conquered districts can be held in subjection by any method except the presence of an irresistible force. An army which has merely penetrated an enemy's country must keep up its communications with its original base, and as long as General GRANT is compelled to watch the railroads which connect him with Kentucky and with the river Mississippi, he will scarcely be able to spare a considerable force for the invasion of Georgia. The genuine submission of Tennessee would enable him to depend on Chattanooga, as his predecessor depended on Nashville, which was itself originally a Confederate city. His opponent will, however, find some compensation for the loss of resources of Tennessee in the opportunity of concentrating his forces for the defence of a comparatively limited space. There is no doubt that, notwithstanding the heavy losses of the past year, the Confederates will be able to enter on the spring campaign with 250,000 men. Mr. JEFFERSON DAVIS has probably discovered the error of attempting too much with his inferior numbers, and if reinforcements are liberally supplied to HARDEE and LEE, the operations of the Federal commanders in the outlying regions of Arkansas and Texas will produce little effect on the fortune of the war.

For the first time since the beginning of the contest, political speculations seem likely, for a while, to supersede the interest of military transactions. The proceedings of Congress may possibly continue to be as unimportant as in the early part of the Session. The Republicans have perhaps been surprised to find themselves confronted by an Opposition which, although it is powerless to thwart the policy of the Government, is yet not contemptible in numbers. If circumstances should cause a change in popular feeling, the advocates of peace might become formidable to the majority, but for the present all the measures recommended by the PRESIDENT are likely to be adopted by Congress. Any amount of money which Mr. CHASE may ask will be the more readily voted because the enormous loans which have been raised have thus far scarcely imposed any sensible sacrifice on the community. It will cost still less to pass Acts for the enrolment of any number of men which Mr. STANTON may require. Even a more statesmanlike assembly than the House of Representatives might fairly throw on the Executive Government the responsibility of deciding upon the necessary supplies of men and money for the prosecution of the war. The abolition of the pecuniary composition for personal service in the army will almost necessarily be approved. Although it seems that the Government is unwilling to proceed with the

compulsory draft, it is obvious that the conscription must fail unless the provisions of the existing law are altered. As long as conscripts are allowed to provide substitutes at their own expense, the wealthier classes will probably still be able to avoid actual service in the ranks. The Confederate Congress has abolished the permission to provide substitutes, but self-defence justifies and renders possible the enforcement of obligations which would be justly considered intolerable when they were enforced for purposes of invasion and conquest. The Federal Congress must be fully aware that the ranks of the army can no longer be filled by volunteers, and the unpopularity of the draft will chiefly affect the Government. On the whole, it may be assumed that both the Senate and the House of Representatives will have ample leisure to indulge in the desultory debates which have always occupied the greater part of their time. Every member thinks it necessary to perform an operation which is called defining his position. At present, the definition, in the majority of cases, consists in a profession of unqualified enthusiasm for the prosecution of the war. It is not the fault of a Federal Legislature that—as almost all ordinary matters are within the competence of the several States—it has comparatively little to do; but the effect of unavoidable business in cultivating practical habits of thought is remarkably illustrated by the contrast between the debates of Westminster and of Washington.

Some discussion may perhaps arise on the curious scheme by which the PRESIDENT proposes to bring the conquered or occupied districts of the South within the nominal sphere of the Union. Each State which has been reclaimed by arms is to be recognised and represented in Congress as soon as a tenth part of the population consents to take the oaths which are enforced as a test of submission; and it would seem that the process is to be facilitated by arbitrary changes in the limits of States, where the proper proportion of conformity is not otherwise forthcoming. As the plan assumes that the great majority of citizens will still be disaffected to the Union, military occupation will be indispensable as a support to the fictitious republican Government. Mr. LINCOLN hopes that in time the dominant minority may be augmented in numbers until it attains a legitimate preponderance; but it seems at least equally likely that resistance to a flagrant usurpation will become a point of honour with the citizens of every Southern State. A strange spectacle will be presented to the world if Tennessee and Mississippi are handed over to a garrison of Abolitionists, as Ireland was for several generations entrusted to the charge of the Protestants. The friends of the North will, in that case, hold the position of an oligarchy which cannot even pretend to be an aristocracy. The English rulers of Ireland were superior in knowledge and civilization to the great mass of the native population; but the haughty landowners of Tennessee already see a retired tailor installed as their Governor, and if the PRESIDENT's project is realised, they will be permanently subjected to the control of indigenous renegades and of Northern immigrants. The paradoxical injustice of the scheme is only mitigated by the consideration that no more feasible plan has been suggested. The government of a country against the will of the population, by institutions which assume unanimous loyalty to the Republic, is one of those impossible knots which can only be cut by the sword. The abolition of slavery will undoubtedly remove a chief original cause of difference between the North and the South; but resentment and habitual antipathy are motives as forcible as any antagonism of economic interests or arrangements. At the end of the War of Independence, it would have been idle for England to propose a reconciliation on condition of a renunciation of the right of taxing the colonies. The war which began in jealousies connected with the question of slavery has long since superseded all theoretical causes of hostility.

Mr. LINCOLN's opponents probably do him injustice when they point out the obvious bearing of his project on the impending Presidential election. His desperate effort to reconcile the name of a republic with the supremacy of a scanty faction finds a sufficient explanation in the inherent difficulty or impossibility of his task. Even if he were influenced by personal motives, it would scarcely be worth his while to multiply superfluous votes for his own individual benefit. Unless a great and sudden revolution of opinion occurs within the ensuing nine months, the candidate who may be nominated by the Republican Convention must almost necessarily be elected; and it is, accordingly, far more important to conciliate the leaders of the party than to create faggot votes for the purpose of swelling an undisputed majority. At present, it would seem that no candidate is so likely to be selected by the Republicans as the actual President. Mr. LINCOLN was chosen in 1860 be-

cause he was obscure; but even American politicians, in the middle of a great war, must be convinced of the necessity of taking personal qualities into consideration. Mr. LINCOLN is now better known, and he is more popular than any of his Ministers; nor are any of the Generals sufficiently eminent to endanger his success. General GRANT is condemned to almost certain defeat if he receives a Democratic nomination, and General McCLELLAN also is, for the present, on the losing side. The other military leaders are only remarkable for mediocrity or incompetence, and the dominant Republicans will almost certainly prefer a civilian. In a short time the preparations for the contest will occupy a large share of public attention.

PRISON DISCIPLINE.

IF the reports of the meetings of the Hampshire and Worcestershire magistrates contained nothing else than a discussion upon details of prison discipline, their general interest would be very slight. The public at large are not very much interested in the punitive merits of plank beds, nor can they venture to form an opinion upon the relative advantages of oakum-picking and the tread-wheel. There appears to be a considerable difference of opinion as to the best mode of making a convict's residence in the prison as disagreeable to him as possible. Every one must heartily sympathize both with the object that these patriotic magistrates have in view and with the difficulties by which their path is beset. How are Sir JOHN PAKINGTON, or Lord CARNARVON, or Lord DUDLEY, or Lord HENRY CHOLMONDELEY to know the exact amount of pain inflicted by the various instruments of torment of which they learnedly discuss the powers? The exact quality of the food furnished to the prisoners can be ascertained by tasting. Is there no public-spirited justice who will apply the same test to the penal bill of fare? Lord HENRY CHOLMONDELEY was full of doubts as to the precise value of a plank bed as an implement of punishment. Surely the resolution of them all was within his reach, and might have been ascertained by a domestic experiment of the simplest character. Some very judicious remarks were made upon the absurdity of allowing to the convicts the relaxation of music and singing in chapel. But some of the propositions for making Divine Service becomingly unpleasant had a very horrible sound about them. One of the schemes proposed is "to make the alternate seats vertical." We can comprehend seats, and we can comprehend no seats. But if there are to be seats at all, one would have imagined that even the most uncomfortable of the species must be horizontal, or at furthest inclined at an angle of forty-five degrees. The mechanical details of the act of sitting down, or rather sitting up, on a vertical seat perplex the imagination to conceive. How does the convict apply himself, or rather how is he applied, to this ecclesiastical instrument of torture? Is he inverted for the purpose, or is he doubled up? Or is he endowed with some adhesive material, enabling him to act the part of a fly against the wall? We should like to see a chapel-full of convicts sitting upon vertical seats.

But the success of the movement set on foot by Lord CARNARVON in Hampshire, and the apparent inclination to imitate it in Worcestershire, have a much more important significance. These meetings give us the opinions of the leading country gentlemen in two important counties upon the subject of prison discipline, and those opinions probably represent the feelings of the whole class. Regarded in this point of view, they mark the turning of the tide. The great philanthropic movement which originated with HOWARD, and which received its impulse from the barbarities of the last century, has reached its limit of exaggeration at last, and the pendulum is beginning slowly to swing back. The metaphor is not likely to be justified by a return to cruelties of which we now read with shame. But it was time that a revulsion of some kind set in. The reformers of the philanthropic school had ceased merely to protest against the excesses of the older system. They had advanced from a reform of criminal treatment to a revolution. They upheld an ideal of prison discipline which was not only a departure from the older view, but an absolute contradiction to it. They denied altogether that men could be deterred from crime by seeing other criminals punished. The extirpation of crime was to be sought in the reformation of the criminals themselves, and this was not a difficult task to perform, only society had gone about it in exactly the wrong way. To look on criminals as guilty persons who deserved punishment was an old-world blunder. They were unfortunates who were afflicted with a moral disease, generally the result of the circumstances in which they had grown up; and the only person to blame for their infirmities was the State, which permitted

those circumstances to exist. They should be treated tenderly, like any other patients, and cured by a gentle and soothing treatment. The gaol should be looked upon as a kind of moral hospital, in which spiritual doctoring was to be practised for the benefit of the unhappy inmates. And all the arrangements of the prison ought to be adapted to this end. To bring a prisoner into the moral condition favourable for the operation of spiritual remedies, he must be made as happy and contented, both in mind and body, as possible. He must have plenty to eat, and ten hours' good sleep; for the moral feelings will only act properly when the stomach is sufficiently full, and the nerves are tranquil and placid. His cell must be carefully warmed, because draughts are incompatible with religious meditation. He must have a footstool for his feet, because cold feet disturb the emotions which a responsible being should cultivate. Amusing books must be supplied for his leisure hours, lest his thoughts should be tempted to wander back to former scenes of crime. These preparations having been made for bringing the patient into a suitable condition of mind for the application of reformatory treatment, the spiritual machinery is turned on. Good books and hymns, plenty of chapel, abundance of chaplain, encouragement to dwell upon his own experiences, and to exhibit as many religious emotions as he can learn, and above all the vista of an early release as soon as his conviction of sin shall appear to be sufficiently abiding—all these incentives soon bring him to a sense of his condition as a lost sinner; and in due time the simple-minded chaplain congratulates himself that the man who entered as a hardened criminal has gone out as an 'umble and contrite penitent. So long as the money which is given to him as he leaves prison is not expended, he probably gets into no mischief known to the police; and he duly appears in the statistics of reformatory orators as "reformed."

It was a beautiful dream, that all human wickedness could be rooted out by a judicious combination of good dinners and good talk. No wonder that benevolent persons have clung to the fascinating theory as long as possible. It was well that the experiment should be tried, in order that justice might be cleared from the suspicion of inhumanity. But public opinion is now coming slowly, perhaps reluctantly, to the conviction that it has received a full trial, and has absolutely failed. In the judgment of experienced country magistrates who have watched it at work for years, the new system has proved an encouragement to crime. Even Sir JOHN PAKINGTON, whose opportunities for observation have been enormous, and who has never shown any disinclination to philanthropic theories, has come to the belief that the lenient sentences of the Judges have produced an increase in the number of recommitments. The results of the new system would take some time to appear. It would require the lapse of many years before the old terrors of the law would wear themselves out in the minds of the people. But the result, which was always certain, has become an established fact at last. The punishments of the law, cut down and softened by the philanthropists in every possible way, have ceased to be terrible to the minds that are wavering between self-restraint and crime. And nothing has been substituted in their stead. Prison reformation has turned out to be a mere delusion. The pious penitent who worked upon the chaplain's feelings goes back to his old vocation, refreshed and strengthened by his hearty prison fare, so that the words "ticket-of-leave" have become a perfect terror to the peaceable community. And the tales of prison luxury which they tell to their class when they come out do not tend to inspire the poor man who looks at his own cold hearth and scanty fare with any dread of bringing himself within the clutches of the law. The returned convict mentioned by Lord CANNARVON, who said that they were so kind to him at Winchester Gaol that, if he had not wished to see his wife and children, he would have liked to stay on there, is probably a fair specimen of the manner in which the terrors of imprisonment are usually spoken of. The change which is coming over the spirit of the administration of the law has not arrived too soon.

In every direction, the optimistic ideas which prevailed so largely half a century ago are beginning to give way—too often before the pitiless teaching of calamities which that very optimism has brought about. There was a time when the idea prevailed extensively that an unbounded trust in the goodness of human nature in the management of public affairs would never be belied. It was thought that all political difficulties would be overcome by trusting the powers of government unreservedly to the poorer classes. It was believed that the blessings of peace might be secured by an abandonment of warlike armaments.

And in the same way it was argued that crime would cease, or, at least, materially diminish, if only severity to criminals was given up. We have outlived these delusions. We have learned by rude experience that the improvement of human nature lags very far behind these sanguine dreams; and that the principles which are deducible from the experience of centuries cannot be thrown aside as yet. The delusions of a past generation may be found hanging heavily over the Home Office, and over other haunts of official tradition; and probably nothing but extended official changes will dispel them. But it is cheering to find that the country gentlemen, with whom the practical administration of the law still in a great measure rests, have been the first to recognise the teaching of facts, and to alter their course accordingly.

DENMARK AND GERMANY.

THE chance of peace depends on the prudence and firmness of the Prussian and Austrian Governments, and it is perhaps fortunate that the contingents of the Great Powers have at last entered Holstein. Both Governments may reasonably regret their submission, in 1850 and the following years, to the dictation of the Emperor NICHOLAS, for there can be no doubt that, if Germany had been more united and firm, Denmark must have assented to more stringent terms. Nevertheless, it is impossible to disavow a deliberate act, nor has any apologist yet invented a plausible excuse for summarily refusing to comply with the Treaty of 1852. The speakers in the Prussian House of Deputies have not even troubled themselves to discuss those breaches of engagement, on the part of Denmark, which could alone furnish a pretext for the invasion of Schleswig. The vague impression that a German province suffers under alien dominion supersedes for the moment all consideration of legal rights or diplomatic grievances. It might have been better if, after the troubles of 1848, Holstein had been severed from the Danish Crown, with the addition of the Southern or German half of Schleswig; but the present demand for the immediate annexation of both Duchies is both excessive and dangerous. Austria, at least, will not be inclined to sanction a war for the practical assertion of the principle of nationality. The application of the doctrine to her own non-German possessions is obviously easy, and, as if for the purpose of warning the Austrian Government of the risk of war in Schleswig, the inconvenient claims both of Italy and of Hungary have been suddenly revived. KOSSUTH has caused considerable alarm in Vienna by a proclamation to the Magyars, and GARIBALDI at the same time invites the youth of Italy to arm for an attack on the Venetian Quadrilateral. VICTOR EMMANUEL himself has used language which must be regarded by Austria as menacing, and the Emperor of the FRENCH has not succeeded in inspiring the confidence which he professes on his own account to feel. It is true that united Germany would have nothing to fear from France or from Europe in a purely national quarrel; but Austria, and even Prussia, might have alien malcontents to subdue while they were engaged in asserting German rights or pretensions.

Honour and interest alike require that the two Great Powers should show a due respect to their engagements. It is scarcely probable that Prussian or Austrian Generals will allow the Prince of AUGUSTENBURG to establish his authority in Holstein under cover of the Federal execution. When Austria and Prussia induced the Diet to adopt the execution, instead of hostile occupation, they avowedly compromised their popularity for the purpose of carrying a neutral and peaceable measure; and it is impossible that they can have anticipated the presence of the Prince of AUGUSTENBURG in Kiel, or the proclamation of his title. Saxony and Hanover have, with questionable good faith, infringed the policy which had been sanctioned by the Diet, and they have allowed their troops to join in the popular demonstrations of the inhabitants of Holstein. The Federal Commissioners have, in their own official documents, literally observed the prescribed neutrality, but, as they assumed to themselves all the powers of the Danish Government, they might certainly have repressed all public display of partisanship. The Augustenburg claimant and his supporters are careful not to recognise the Treaty of 1852 by complaining of the violation by Denmark of obligations which formed a part of the same transaction. The Austrian and Prussian Governments find their decision anticipated, and their liberty of action compromised, without any pretence of reliance on the excuses which could alone justify or palliate their own disregard of the Treaty. The manner in which the Diet has escaped from the control of the Great Powers is almost unaccountable, yet it may still be assumed that no Austrian or Prussian army will be employed

in promoting the enterprises of the minor States. The semi-official journals of Vienna are already beginning to warn the petty Governments that they will not be allowed to maintain the independence which they have recently affected.

It would be highly imprudent in Denmark to furnish the extreme German party with arguments against a moderate and temporising policy. The new Ministry at Copenhagen ought to understand that, to a certain extent, Austria and Prussia have a common interest with Denmark in supporting the treaty which they have concluded in their capacity of European Powers. The Diet and the minor States, on the other hand, desire the annexation of Schleswig, not only with a view to the aggrandizement of Germany, but as a proof of Federal influence in the councils of Berlin and Vienna. The Danish Government ought carefully to deprive its irreconcilable opponents of the advantages which they derive from a just cause of complaint. The revocation of the November Constitution would serve the cause of CHRISTIAN IX. better than the most eloquent appeals to the patriotism and gallantry of an army which is too weak to repel a German invasion. It is perfectly true that the KING has no power to repeal an Act of Parliament by the mere exercise of his prerogative, but the *Rigsraad* may be required either to make the necessary concession or to assume the responsibility of war and inevitable dismemberment. The demands of Germany were too often ridiculed as incidents of a pettifogging diplomacy, before the imminence of war proved to all Europe that the nation was for once in earnest. The Germans are now accused of rashness and violence, but they have at least succeeded in procuring a hearing for their claims. England, Russia, and Sweden have decided that Denmark is in the wrong, and the failure of Lord WODEHOUSE's mission gives reason to fear that the Danish Government may pursue a course which will deprive it of all reasonable right to expect foreign assistance. If Lord RUSSELL's proposal of a Conference is accepted by all the parties to the Treaty of 1852, Denmark will have one more opportunity of making the concessions which have become unavoidable. It seems that France, reserving her preference for the plan of a general Congress, will acquiesce in the more limited discussion, and there can be no doubt that a formal examination of the question will end in a recognition of the rights on which the more moderate Governments of Germany insist. It is unfortunate that recent events should have made England equally unpopular with both the disputants, nor would it be easy to show that the reproaches on either side are wholly undeserved. Lord PALMERSTON has for many years been too zealous a partisan of Denmark; and although Lord RUSSELL's Coburg despatch showed a sounder appreciation of the dispute, all German politicians now attribute the impartiality of England to the menaces and warlike preparations of the Diet and its members. The Danes have still more excuse for disappointment and anger, as they find that the advice of the English Government is not recommended by any contingent promise of active support. Mediation is always an invidious task where the arbitrator disclaims the obligation of enforcing his own award. Lord WODEHOUSE might perhaps have overruled the objections of the Danes to a repeal of the Constitution if he had been authorized to announce that, when all due concessions had been made, an English fleet would be ordered to occupy the harbour of Kiel. It is true that neither the treaty nor the interests of England imposed on the Government any duty of armed interference; but a State which is threatened with imminent danger can scarcely be expected to applaud the prudence and temper of a disinterested bystander.

Even if the war formally commences by the passage of German troops across the Eyder, it may be hoped that active hostilities will still be postponed. A campaign in the depths of a Northern winter is happily almost impossible, and the Danes may without discredit, and without compromise of their rights, retire before an irresistible superiority of force. The rumour that an Austrian detachment is to occupy Schleswig may possibly be well founded, for Denmark has by the November Constitution given a pretext for hostile measures, and Austria may wish to anticipate the more uncompromising resolutions of the Diet. The invasion of Schleswig, as well as the Federal execution in Holstein, would be technically compatible with the ultimate acknowledgment of King CHRISTIAN's title. It is not every advance into an enemy's territory which purports to be the beginning of a conquest. The Danes would of course be justified in resenting or resisting the passage of the Eyder, but there is no use either in sacrificing without result the lives of brave soldiers, or in embittering a quarrel which is already sufficiently virulent. It is barely possible that an Austrian army of occupation might be peaceably withdrawn, in obedience to the decision of a Conference, and after the concession of all just demands; but a single battle or combat would

inflame German feeling beyond all possibility of control, and when actual war had once begun, the seizure of Schleswig would no longer require an elaborate technical justification. Denmark might prudently have yielded to reason, although a formidable adversary is not always disarmed when he is placed in the wrong. The alternative of submitting to superior force may still be honourably adopted. As England, France, and Russia have determined not to interfere, the only question is whether the German Governments can be conciliated, as they have obviously more than sufficient means of enforcing their demands. When the dispute has been finally settled, calm politicians may perhaps discover that, notwithstanding the mistakes which may have been committed, the object of England has been, on the whole, to combine peace with justice. The suspicion of the Germans that English statesmen are jealous of a future German navy, which may possibly be built at Kiel, is on a level in truth and sagacity with the Spanish belief that the Peninsular war was undertaken to prevent Madrid from rivalling Manchester. It is difficult to sound the depths of nonsense in examining certain Continental illusions.

THE RIFLE ASSOCIATION AND THE RIFLE CONFERENCE.

RIFLE-SHOOTING is supposed to be essentially a summer pastime, but though actual practice may be abandoned by all but the most enthusiastic when the thermometer is twenty degrees below the freezing-point, the work of those who interest themselves in the grand effort to make England a nation of marksmen is never allowed to cease. The rifle-world seems to be moved this Christmas by a special energy. The National Rifle Association has just produced its annual volume, containing the minutest details of their last annual meeting, and shadowing forth the prospects of the next. At the same time, an independent, though by no means a rival, body of eminent riflemen have summoned a Conference for next week, to discuss at greater length than is possible at the Association meetings, the thousand details on which the good management of rifle-contests depends. We are glad to observe that the Association, after explaining in their Report that they neither originated the Conference nor had any official connexion with it, have, with their usual tact and good sense, cordially welcomed the assistance which is offered them by this impromptu Rifleman's Parliament. There is something almost amazing in the keen interest with which the most trifling details affecting their manly pastime are discussed by the lovers of the rifle, and some staunch friends of Volunteering have occasionally regretted the differences of opinion so freely expressed, at the Association meetings and elsewhere, as to the manner in which our national games may be most worthily celebrated. The Council of the Association, however, have always shown themselves alive to the fact that it is not uniformity of opinion that is wanted among riflemen, or any other body, to secure action at once vigorous and united. The harmony that comes from healthy discussion is a sign of genuine life, but whether sport or work is in question (and in the rifleman's case the two are combined) there can be no real vitality in a movement which fails to bring out a good deal of strenuous debate. So it has come about that the rifle-world, which dates its creation among us only from 1859, has already its history and its parties. Just as the Lilliputians were split up into the Big-Endian and Little-Endian factions, so the small-bore and large-bore weapons have given their names to opposing sections of riflemen, and across this grand line of demarcation run a number of other divisions which would make what may be called the party classification of riflemen almost as troublesome as that of the House of Commons.

Those who have occasionally criticized the Council of the Association have seldom made due allowance for the heterogeneous character of the constituency whom they undertook to please, and for the most part have succeeded in pleasing. Very few even among the staunchest supporters of the Association have at all appreciated the extreme difficulty of their task. Constituted, of necessity, without any formal delegation either from the Volunteers specially or from the larger body of riflemen to whose pastime they ministered, the Council could only acquire and sustain the position which they have successfully held by becoming the virtual representatives of the opinions of the special world for which they worked so hard and which they naturally desired to guide. Mutual confidence between the mass of riflemen and their executive was, and is, essential to the continuance of the prosperity which has grown from year to year at Wimbledon; and the proceedings of the proposed Conference ought to be

and we have no doubt will be, the means of still further improving the relations between the Wimbledon Cabinet and their stanch but sometimes rather unruly supporters. As in all National Constitutions, so in our Rifle Government, the great problem is to ascertain the really prevailing opinion upon any subject of controversy; and this has been particularly difficult for the conductors of our Wimbledon contests, from the want, or rather the impossibility, of any regularly deputed assembly. The Council have always shown themselves anxious to draw out, and give effect to, the views of the rifle-world; but it was not always easy to divine the wishes of a heterogeneous body of whom the members of the Association formed but a fraction. The competitors at Wimbledon annually number many thousands, while the subscribers to the Association are but 1,100 in all. The meetings of the Association, therefore, do not represent by any means the whole mass of the public opinion on which—like all other wise Governments—the Council of the Association leans for its support. And we are by no means sure that the absence of many well-known riflemen from the rolls of the Association to which they are all so largely indebted may not be traced to the discovery, which was made at a very early stage of the movement, that it was quite impracticable to convert the short business meeting of an executive body into a congress for the full discussion of every idea which any member might wish to ventilate. It was to fill this void, after a rude fashion, that the midnight meetings were organized in the Wimbledon camp, and the Rifle Conference appears to be a more regular and effective mode of attaining the same end. In a series of sittings extending over three days, ample scope will be given for the consideration of a multitude of topics which would be out of place, or, at any rate, out of time, at one of the regular Association meetings; and the Council will thus have the same benefit from what passes as if the debate were carried on under their own presidency, without being subject to the embarrassment which a closer connexion with the Conference might occasion. The matter has been taken up in so sensible a spirit by the Association as to remove all suspicion of antagonism, and there can be no doubt that the Riflemen in Conference assembled will show the same good taste in any reference which they may have to make to the proceedings of the Association.

With the exception of the important encouragement given to the proposed meeting, the Report of the Association contains little besides the account to which we are now annually accustomed of progress and success. The number of competitors at Wimbledon grows in a constantly increasing ratio, and, what is perhaps the most agreeable symptom, the advance in last July was most marked in the contests confined to Volunteers. Nor is this all. An increase in numbers might be expected to bring down the average standard of performance, but, on the contrary, the encouraging fact is recorded that the average scores in all the competitions were better than they had ever been before, and so much so as to leave a fair margin after every allowance for the difference of weather and other circumstances which made the last a peculiarly fortunate meeting. Concurrently with the generally increased avidity for shooting, the Council observe a tendency to hold back from the All-Comers contests, in which a certain number of crack shots have attained a proficiency so marvellous as fairly to frighten competitors out of the field. A number of plans are discussed in the Report for relieving the ordinary rifleman from these very troublesome rivals, among which is a suggestion of rather a startling character, cited as having been made by a Swiss rifleman. His prediction was, that our system of giving all prizes to skill would make a certain number of first-rate shots, but that, in order to create a nation of riflemen, the element of chance must also be introduced to tempt all, whether good or bad shots, to the target. There is probably much truth in this, and though it would never be endured in England that the best prizes should go to any but the best men, still the national object of creating a large force of at least respectable riflemen is far more important than the production even of such wonderful performers as Wimbledon has developed. The rifle will not be our national weapon until it becomes a matter of course for every one to practise occasionally at the butts, if not to enter into prize competitions. This can scarcely be expected unless there are some rewards which it may be possible for second and third-rate shots to win. It is the men of moderate powers who want most encouragement, and perhaps there is no more legitimate way of stimulating the inferior shots than by introducing into the conditions of some of our competitions a certain element of chance, as is invariably done in the Swiss contests. One target on this system which

was set up last year at Wimbledon was remarkably attractive, and the experiment is to be extended at the next meeting. We have no fear, however, of a game involving this mixture of chance and skill ever ousting the pure trial of skill without favour, and (as near as may be) without chance, which is the general character of almost all our popular games. However essential the encouragement of bad shots may be, it will not do altogether to discourage good ones. But to follow the Report further into details of this description would be to trespass on the ground which the Rifle Conference has already secured, and will no doubt very effectively occupy.

GROOVES.

THE traveller on the top of a stage-coach used to suffer many inconveniences, but at least he saw the country through which he passed. The traveller by railway is sheltered from the rain and shielded from the wind, but he spends much of his time in tunnels and cuttings, which narrow his vision to the fellow-occupants of his "compartment," and a few yards on either hand. Such, also, is life. Some people travel through the world, up hill and down dale, now in sunshine now in storm, sometimes uncomfortable enough behind a bolter or a stumbler, but seeing and observing as they go. Most people glide through life, now and then, certainly, shaken from their propriety by an unexpected and unreasonable collision, but for the most part smoothly enough, only they see nothing and learn nothing on their road. They travel in "compartments," and along a line of rails. Their road is not a road, but a groove.

If this were so only in little things—local peculiarities or the ways of society—it might seem to be of small account. It would not, we think, be difficult to show that even in that case life in a groove would be a great evil; but it is clear enough that its effects are conspicuous in the greatest things. They are so, for instance, in politics and in religion. In both, doubtless, there must always have been legitimate differences of opinion; but if people had not lived and thought in grooves, there would not have been bigotry. For the groove-life necessitates an intensified perception of something small and immediately present, to the exclusion of everything outside; and the essence of bigotry is the seeing one point of truth intensely and clearly, and the not seeing that truth, though one, is many-sided. All bigoted and one-sided people think their own theory not only true, but absolutely the one and only truth. It may chance that the particular theory or idea which to any party or any person seems to be this one and only truth may in reality be something containing as little of the truth as possible. So one-sided and narrow is the view which most people take of any great subject that we may almost coin for the occasion a new proverbial jingle, and say that "those who think *strongly* think *wrongly*." Most people, indeed, think so little and so slightly on any subject—except, perhaps, those belonging to their own immediate calling—that such a proverb would seem to apply to very few. But though they do not think, almost all people *think* they think. Their thoughts, though they are but faint echoes from the minds of vigorous thinkers, yet gather a certain kind of strength from the very monotony with which they reverberate through a thousand kindred souls. The processes by which they think, though they are but as "dull mechanic paces to and fro," yet all the more for that very reason wear their minds into a groove, by which alone impressions from without can enter, and ideas—such as they are—can go abroad. And this is the case frequently not only with weak; or idle, or superficial thinkers, but even with men of naturally active minds. Some minds are active in one direction alone, and these, of course, will have their groove almost ready to their hands, and wanting only the deepening process of use. Others narrow themselves by dwelling exclusively on particular subjects. As any bodily organ can in time be nullified by continued disuse, so width and grasp of view can be eliminated from the mind, and that which ought to be an ever-broadening highway for intelligence and truth may dwindle to a groove. In this way alone can be explained the pitiful position too often held by men of naturally commanding intellect. He who might have aspired to the foremost place in the State—to be

The pillar of a people's hope,
The centre of a world's desire—

is too often content to sink into the mere mouthpiece of a party, sacrificing all that he might have had for the mean pleasure of being pointed at as "*that* Demosthenes!" And he who might have done his Church good service by taking his stand upon the broad platform of truth, and reconciling the jarring factions below him, too often narrows himself into the idol of a sect, seeing only its semi-truths, and preaching only its miserable shibboleths. Such men have had the world before them where to choose, and they have chosen their own little and inevitable groove.

This, then, is the ultimate harm of living and thinking in grooves—that all the great interests of human life and progress suffer by its narrowing influence. But the source of that influence must be looked for, not in any necessity of those interests themselves, not even principally in the natural constitution of the minds of those who are the chief actors in them, but rather in the early training and associations which make the actors what they are. Most minds are by nature so plastic that the effects of early association

are indelible; and though some characters, being what is called "contradictory," are inclined to swerve from instead of yielding to the bias of circumstances, yet these are for the most part driven off from the old direction merely to settle into a new, and perhaps a deeper, groove of their own making. Hence the mischief of life in a groove, even in the smallest matters. If it signified little in itself, it would signify much for its direful effects. For a groovy parent trains a groovy child, and the groovy child must be father of a groovy man; and what a few generations of groovy men can do is a marvel to think of. They robbed us of America, they nearly handed over India to Nann Sahib, they ran up our National Debt. They smothered our army in the mud of Balaklava, and they have, times out of mind, set our navy adrift in the fogs of an inexplicable "system." It has not been their fault that the State has not long ago been "protected" into a Republic, and the Church "converted" into a Tabernacle.

It must be worth while, therefore, to follow the spirit of grooviness to its sources, and to visit those who grow up under its teaching in their nurseries and their schoolrooms. There is much to learn, no doubt, and to note in the life of "the world," *par excellence*; in the grooviness of the Row, the House, the Court, the Barracks—but these are not nurseries. We must flee from the haunts of dissipation, and browse among the turnips, if we would grasp the reality of the groove-spirit and call it from the deep. There dwells the modern representative of the old true-blue country squire, whose talk is sometimes of foxes, but more frequently of Quarter Sessions, of draining tiles and highway rates, of hay and fat oxen. There his wife and daughters toddle quietly about their flower-gardens, and grub among their roots, dissipating in a game of croquet, and enlivening their neighbours with the natural history of their ferns and their roses. There stand the placid parsonages, inhabited—as one of their inmates, though of a different stamp, has happily said—by "holy vegetables," rooted in their own snug corners, and producing for the most part only feeble crops of clerical commonplaces. Trained and watered by the not very widening or exciting influence of one or other of the "religious organs," they seem to spend their lives in trying how nearly they can stunt their mental growth to the measure of the Roman seminary, and how much they can undo the wholesome and invigorating effect of schools and universities. There likewise vegetates the good old country town—some Cranford, with its half-pay captains and ancient maiden ladies, its weekly awakening on market-day, and its subsidence into accustomed slumber, the tremendous excitement of its annual ball, and its correspondent reaction. Railways and the penny-post have doubtless done something—like the current of Mr. Crosse's voltaic battery—to stir up in the void some animalculal life; but it is still of a doubtful and feeble order. Excellent and irreproachable are all these people and their ways—

But the trail of the *slow-worm* is over them all.

Originating, then, in scenes like these, the subtle influence spreads far and wide. It pervades the country; it invades the town. The pins which amiable hands plant into a form of welcome to us when, as "little strangers," we first cross the border—the garments, curiously wrought and strangely shaped, which dangle over our infantile limbs—these, in their fixity and conventionality, are but a type of our after treatment; a treatment continued for most of us until we are swaddled for the last time, and the hearse-plumes, the mutes, and the black horses conduct us once more to the border with a farewell as fixed and conventional as the welcome. It is not easy to see why this should be. If the old saying is true, "quot homines tot sententie," one might have expected anything rather than a dreary uniformity of life and thought. And if grooviness were to be found at all, it might have seemed that the country, as distinguished from the town, would be the last place in which to look for it. For it is Nature who, in her infinite variety and expansiveness, forbids the Procrustean measure for humanity; and it is in the country, according to popular estimation, that Nature finds her best moral as well as physical development. Is it, then, something in the national character which makes English people peculiarly apt to be groovy? Most foreigners would doubtless say that it is so. They are pleased to grant us a certain coarse capacity for hewing wood and drawing water for ourselves and others, but deny us any originality even in our own dull arts. We are all John Bulls and "female Bulls," long-horned or short-horned perhaps, but otherwise without a ghost of individuality—or a ghost at all, for that matter. They do, indeed, call us eccentric, but that is because we are so entirely devoid of eccentricity that we must revolve always on our own axes, and disport ourselves in the Elysian fields of nobler animals as if we were still tethered in our own fat meadows. That there is some mixture of truth in this we cannot deny. It is certain that English governing bodies, from St. Stephen's downwards to Bethnal Green, have almost always shown a wonderful determination to keep within their groove, in the apparent conviction that some fatal collision must take place outside it, no matter how loudly justice or common sense or expediency might be crying out for a change; and there are positions in which the individual Englishman, from his want of readiness and resource, will always appear at a disadvantage with, for instance, a Frenchman. Yet there must be an immense power of self-adaptation to circumstances in a people who have colonized half the globe, and left their mark as they have done on the other half. Perhaps, however, his unreadiness and slowness in bringing his personal

resources to bear in unexpected emergencies may seem to convict the Englishman of a certain kind of national grooviness. Nor can we omit another and a more serious result of the same tendency—that insular dogmatism which measures everything by itself, and despises everything foreign in proportion as it differs from the English. This is the spirit which once used to make Englishmen call foreigners fools because they could not talk English, and think that to learn French or drink claret was a first step on the road to rebellion or Atheism. We have changed all this a good deal, but still there are Englishmen who delight in thrusting their insularity into other people's faces, and rolling on their broad-gauge grooves over the pet prejudices of the rest of mankind. Emerson, who has judged us with much of acumen, no little of compliment, and far greater fairness than might have been expected from one of his nation, of course makes much of this grooviness of ours. With characteristic inconsistency, he refers it to various causes; but of its universal presence, both at home and abroad, he speaks often and strongly. Sometimes it is our stupidity and the narrowness of our vision which produce it:—

This dullness (he says) makes their attachment to home, and their attachment in all foreign countries to home habits. The Englishman who visits Mount Etna will carry his tea-kettle to the top. . . . Then their eyes seem to be set at the bottom of a tunnel, and they affirm the one small fact they know with the best faith in the world that nothing else exists.

Sometimes it is our arrogance. The Englishman

Plainly accounts all the world out of England a heap of rubbish. The same insular limitation pinches his foreign politics. He sticks to his traditions and usages, and he will force his island by-laws down the throat of great countries like India, China, Canada, Australia; and not only so, but impose Wapping on the Congress of Vienna, and trample down all nationalities with his taxed boots.

Sometimes it is our dislike of variety:—

Every Englishman is an embryonic Chancellor. His instinct is to search for a precedent. The favourite phrase of their law is "a custom whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary." They hate innovation. All their statesmen learn the irresistibility of the tide of custom, and have invented many fine phrases to cover this slowness of perception and prehensibility of tail.

But, whatever the cause, this critic doubts not that we are groovy beyond all other people, and in this judgment he would be upheld probably by ninety-nine out of every hundred foreigners. No doubt much might be said on the other side. It might be argued, for instance, that the very adaptability to circumstances which is so much praised in the Frenchman is simply a proof of the most indelible grooviness. Just as we are called eccentric because we cling to our own ways and habits, the Frenchman may be so wedded to his own ideas of comfort and convenience that he is unable to live without acting up to them, and so his grooviness becomes, under difficulties, the necessity which is the mother of invention. Moreover, the class of travellers who carry England abroad with them is, in these days, almost entirely that which has wealth without culture. If the *Bourgeois Gentilhomme* infested other countries as our corresponding classes infest the Continent, we might hear the other side of the story; and certainly no Englishman pretending to education would look at any other people through such narrow spectacles as those lately worn in England by M. Assolant, and largely approved by his compatriots. If we look to the domestic interiors, or their substitutes, in other countries, we see no reason for supposing that their occupants are practically much less groovy, less wedded to their own ideas, less given to cliques and narrow interests, than we are ourselves. Their standing dishes are lighter, perhaps, as a rule, than our own, but *toujours perdrix* is as wearisome as *toujours rosbif*. America ought to be the least groovy of nations, being a new country, with fewer traditions than the old, and plenty of elbow-room for mind and body; yet in many respects Americans are already more groovy than ourselves, and just now are proving how they can rush blindfold along a well-known line which a thousand times has been found to end in a quagmire. Their grooves are not the less grooves because they are different from ours and eminently more unpleasant.

On the whole, however, it seems that, though we share this failing with all the rest of the world—for all share it, new and old, civilized and barbarian, from Greenwich to the Andaman Islands—yet our geographical isolation, and a certain perhaps excusable conviction that we have some things about us better worth keeping than others, are apt to make this universal tendency assume a national character and obtrusiveness. We are too well satisfied with ourselves and all about us to think it worth while to go far afield for instruction or amusement. Nor can it be denied that the foundation on which grooviness rests is in itself a good thing. Without it—be it contentment, or a gentle and reasonable self-complacency, or the two combined—the body politic would be in a zymotic and unhealthy condition, and every neighbourhood, losing its present serenity, would become a sort of little centre of social revolution. But contentment degenerates into apathy, and apathy ends in stagnation. This is the end to which the natural tendency to grooviness would, were it not for counteracting influences, lead nations, societies, and individuals. This is the end to which our physical position, and our institutions—religious, civil, and domestic—tend, as we just said, with peculiar strength, to lead most of us in England. Fortunately we cannot, if we would, keep ourselves to ourselves. We are fond of preaching, of fighting, of enterprise, of trade, of empire. We are England, and therefore

cannot be Japan; and to be a true patriot in England a man must be somewhat cosmopolitan.

In the smaller social centres, also, there are some fervid spirits who keep us from total stagnation, who decline to "chronicle small beer," and who act like the Magic Flute, drawing with its own sweet and enlivening influence even the densest and the dullest out of their own narrow track to tread a moral Polonaise. It is fortunate that there are such spirits among us, that it may be said of the social as well as of the material world—

Mens agitat molem, et magno se corpore miscet;

but not the less is it a positive duty in everybody to do what he can in fighting the common enemy. For it is an enemy which isolates small circles and families and members of families, and tends ultimately to a kind of social Buddhism, in which every man is his own Buddha, and self-absorption is the proper end of all things. Above all, people should try to bring their children up to live in a larger world, and to exercise their senses within a wider horizon. If children grow up for ever under the eye of those in the same "compartment" with themselves, seeing only the same faces from day to day, hearing only the same kind of conversation, doing and seeing done the same things, it is almost impossible that they will not grow up groovy. If they think only because and as others think, speak parrot-fashion the kind of commonplaces which they hear, and are never taught to exercise an independent judgment through the natural process of hearing and observing different things and different people, how can they grow up otherwise than groovy? How can we be surprised that, if any new thing come to light anywhere on a sudden in any of the "worlds"—religious, political, social, or scientific—straightway its inhabitants go distraught, and cry out that the Deluge is come, when all the while, perhaps, it is but a harmless King Log come down with a flop and a splash, but leaving the pond afterwards as peaceful as ever? The best preventive of this sort of thing is, of course, foreign travel—an approved remedy since Ulysses grew wise by seeing men and cities, but one even now too little tried. People certainly rush about the Continent, Murray in hand, but they rarely travel with their children for the sake of the education which travelling gives when it is properly done. And when this is impossible, at all events children, as they begin to grow up, can be sent to stay away from the parent wing, in other families and with other young people. Schools—and, for men, professional training—do their part, of course, but they lack the great humanizing element, the *mélange du sexe*. It is by mingling freely with other people differing in sex, age, and temperament, and by that alone, that even the best-educated children can grow up civilized and well-informed members of society. This cannot be done in any way so well as by throwing them upon their own resources, by teaching them to swim without corks, by trying Nature's plan with her birds and beasts, when she sends them into the world to fend for themselves, and to learn their *savoir-vivre*.

TRAGEDY IN REAL LIFE.

IT is constantly assumed, in discussing fiction, that some writers possess the power of inventing plot, some of depicting character. But, in fact, no student of character can prove his command of his subject except through such an arrangement of incident as shall develop emotions unfamiliar to ordinary life; and this, if sufficient for its purpose, is plot. An author may portray society as we see it, and make his personages look fairly like the men and women we meet there or at our own fireside, and yet be guided by no higher power than imitation. All he gives us is mere outside likeness, involving no knowledge of motives or springs of action. There must be prophecy in all real insight; that is, from what the seer knows of a man he must be able to foretell how he will act in new circumstances, and under the conditions of mind which these bring. Really to know a man is to know his depths, and to tell how these will be stirred, and through what manifestations he will reveal that which is in him. Most people who are supposed to understand character are mere observers; and though observation, guided by any variety of experience, can do great things, it does not enable them to draw inferences from what they see. No subtle intuition tells them what their subject would be when stripped of the coating of habit and manners which makes him a member of society rather than his actual self. If called upon to imagine him under new circumstances, their resource would be to divest him of everything peculiar, on the assumption that in supreme moments, in tempests of passion, men drop their individual selves and approach a common standard. Private experience guiding them no further, they refer to general principles of action, and to the universal experience of mankind. With writers of only this degree of imagination, the invention of plot may seem to belong to another faculty altogether from that which conceives the characters who are to work it out. The plot may be a good plot, though the actors in it are conventional. But while a writer possessing the profoundest knowledge of character can never be satisfied without a plot of sufficient dignity and variety to develop his genius, in his hands the characters make that plot. The conception of Othello makes the play. There may be a skeleton plot at hand; it is no matter—the fancy at once adopts it as its own. The invention springs from point to point, from scene to scene. If the hero is of a jealous nature, how is he to show it? what temper is to act malignantly on his own? how is the demon in him to be evoked? If there is genius to play on all the keys of a mighty passion and to exhibit it

to the world—which is knowledge of human nature in its highest degree—there cannot possibly be any difficulty about constructing a machinery adequate for the purpose. Incident and complexity will construct themselves; they will be part of the apprehension of the idea itself. Plot comes with perception of character as readily as counterpoint comes to the born musician.

A character which deserves to be called such must be true to two points—to human nature and to itself. The imagination that conceives it must have a distinct idea of the universal influences which tell on all alike—to know which is to know human nature—and of those peculiarities in the individual which bias will and action out of the direct line. Thus the heroic type has no character, no individuality. It simply obeys, in a grand way, the dictates of general laws, and represents our nature, whether under the restraints of virtue or abandoned to the passions, performing its part uninterrupted and unswayed by minor tendencies or by local dwarfing circumstances. Character is—

The low light that gives the colour.

It means those points that make a man himself—that modify all general qualities by a thousand private and often conflicting influences, as of country, race, family, temperament, education. And no one can draw a character—no one, we will say, can truly understand the living men about him—who cannot trace out and follow into action all the sinuosities, conflicting impulses, and motives which, though present even in repose, are latent and torpid till occasion calls them into activity. This is the rarest of all gifts. Scarce one man in an age sounds the depths of our nature, analyses its parts, and weighs the value and traces the workings of the opposing forces brought to bear upon it. People without this higher comprehension do wisely, no doubt, to abide by the notion that human nature under the influence of grand emotions rises to the call, and is great because the occasion is great—great in magnanimity, great in remorse, great in villany, or in mere abandonment and self-concentration on one idea. Mere observers who seek to engraft their limited experience upon the received conventional standard make such bad, clumsy work of it, their patching on of some isolated trait—some bare, bald, eccentric fact—is often such an outrage on the propriety of fiction, that the picture is all the falsier for the under-sized bit of common life introduced into it. The actual must have been transfigured by the imagination before it will harmonize; and harmony is essential to real truth. These writers constantly defend themselves by the old saying, that truth is stranger than fiction; but we suspect that no truth of action—we mean in any great crisis—looks very strange at the time, though, transplanted into alien circumstances, it may not only appear, but *be*, monstrous.

We cannot but muse on the discrepancy that exists between reality and almost all fiction—not only in the proportions, but in the impulses at work—whenever we find ourselves witnesses of living tragedy. There scarcely, indeed, seems to be any relation between the real thing and the received model. Is it not the experience of each one of us that, whenever we have found ourselves in startling or tragic scenes, something has happened wholly at variance with our presupposed idea and with all that we have read—that things were astonishingly different when we came to think over them and to review them? Nevertheless they were natural at the time, and came by a sort of law. The people about us were following the master motives, the ruling qualities, of their character, and we instinctively knew it. Shakspeare alone harmonizes the ideal with such nature as we see. There is something in every living scene for which he can furnish a counterpart, or at least some faint reflection. We perceive that he could have drawn what we saw if he had so chosen, if he had cared to represent individuals instead of classes; and constantly it is because he is true, that we find in him such incongruities, such departures from preconceived courses of action, as we note in our own experience. If, instead of taking Othello—magnanimous even in his errors—to exemplify the pangs of jealousy and the crimes to which it tempts mankind, he had accepted such an example as a recent trial supplies us with, we can quite believe that he might have represented all the circumstances of a murder as they have been exhibited to us. We know it from the mutual bearing of Othello and Emilia. But these were tasks which he did not set himself, and, therefore, the tragedy of our day has no parallel in theory. And yet there were points which might well have lifted the murder at Wigwell Lodge out of the annals of vulgar crime, and given it an ideal character. The heroine filled her part well. Beautiful, attractive, self-reliant, and fearless, as it seems, of that temper which by the murderer's own showing had betrayed itself to her as dangerous—bent on softening the blow she must inflict, and not shrinking from scenes that cannot but have been highly wrought and harrowing—there is no shortcoming here. The hero, too, had some of the qualities we look for in romance. Tall, handsome, of good bearing, gifted with many of the qualities that ladies love, and capable of a fixed purpose for which he is ready to sacrifice his life—at least we should have expected violence from him to harmonize with our poetical conceptions of crime to which passion, and no directly sordid aim, is the instigator. Yet what a strange revelation the whole scene is of the predominance of habit, of the mastery of the commoner influences over the obvious claims of the occasion, of that slowness to apprehend the bearing and consequences of anything terrible or startling, which characterizes ordinary men so long as circumstances will allow! Even the very properties and surroundings, the images brought before

our eyes by the narrative, excite a sense of indignation at the deference to instincts of the very commonest everyday life in that supremest moment. That sweet girl, for such she was—pretty, graceful, animated, courted, beloved—who had, less than an hour before, left her drawing-room, her own proper domain, in all the pride of youth and bloom, is carried dead into the kitchen by her lover, and laid on its hard, rude floor. Then, to be sure, follows a melodramatic flourish of heroics. The old grandfather asks, "What ever made you do it?" and there is the reply, "The woman that deceives me dies." But here begins and ends the only feature of the scene in common with the romance of fiction. No remorse, no apostrophizing!—how should there be in the kitchen? It would seem as if the poor old gentleman, in a vague sense of discomfort and bewilderment, wanted that great consoler of old age—his tea. The murderer had been his guest. For different reasons he must not leave him in the kitchen; and the way that suggested itself out of the dilemma was to propose that they should have a cup of tea together, and "talk it over." Townley accordingly goes upstairs to wash his hands, and sits down with his "Bessie's" grandfather to tea and brandy and water. How far, we wonder, did the scene strike the family doctor as natural when, having taken his necessary survey of the murdered girl he had known so well, now stretched cold and stiff on the kitchen floor, he was introduced into the library to find the pair at tea together? There was, he says, little conversation during the quarter of an hour of waiting for the policeman. The prisoner, however, was perfectly self-possessed, and alive to little personal inconveniences. "Look here," he says, showing his hand, "I have cut myself too; can you do something for it?" Then arrives the constable. The prisoner gives himself up, asks to see his victim, is taken once more to the kitchen, looks at her, and pronounces himself far happier than he was before. Now this apathy, this unimpassioned look of things, this routine of every day in such an unspeakable contrast of circumstances, does not, we know, mean all that it appears to do, but it does mean something. We see a sort of stolid habit prevailing amongst the main actors. The poor old grandfather might think afterwards that he acted with a set purpose of detaining the prisoner; but in fact, when utterly bewildered, especially at his age, people do follow habit, and the idea "of talking it over at tea" implied, no doubt, a very indistinct notion of what the thing to be talked over was. But how sit down to tea with bloody hands?—therefore his guest must be asked to wash them. And that poor girl on the kitchen floor! It is not in ordinary human nature—in no nature that is not carried out of itself—to bring dropping blood, even the life-blood of the dearest, upon carpets and furniture and front stairs. It belongs to a universal instinct, strengthened by nurses and servants till it becomes part of us; therefore the victim must be laid where blood will leave no stain. We resent it all, but the true vulgarity of the scene rests with the murderer himself—with that dull low nature which felt no remorse, which could be sensitive to the pain of a scratch, and still feel a relish for his tea after he had satisfied his revenge—which could look upon her he professed to have loved, and realize that recent act of brutal vengeance, and "feel happier," and keep a good appetite, and be composed and well-behaved, and never for a moment sorry, never stung by memory, never oppressed by that "insupportable and heavy hour" when a soul made for better things wakes to the sense of an irrevocable crime.

A restless desire to be comfortable seems to lie at the bottom of this state of mind—a craving for satisfaction, and an immediate relief when this is attained. Selfishness of this magnitude cannot regard things for a moment out of their relation to self, so as to be objects of disinterested pity or sorrow. Remorse does not know how to find its way into such minds. They feel so strongly the right and duty to make themselves comfortable that no other consideration can find an entrance. A very similar case, tried in the same court, occurred, it may be remembered, two years ago. The man Thorley was a pugilist, a low sort of fellow, but not without friends and sympathizers. He saw his sweetheart two or three times in company with a soldier cousin, "and didn't like it;" and so he cut her throat, and told the policeman to whom he gave himself in charge that he felt a deal more comfortable after it. He had but two requests to make after this relief to his feelings—the first to the constable, that he would allow him to smoke his pipe out, for perhaps he should never have another—the second to the magistrates, that his mother might bring him his Sunday dinner. Education does not uniformly make a difference. At the bottom of all may lurk the savage, lulled for the moment and smoothed over by a little outside polish, but only waiting for his occasion. There was a moment when Othello felt a touch of this mood, and he knew it—when he felt the rising demon turning that into murder which was sacrifice. But he did not rest an instant in the comfortable stage. Nor did he murder his wife for the sake of his own ease, but on some blind notion of injured honour. He felt for his victim throughout—"the pity of it, Iago, the pity of it"—and remorse rushed in with the first knowledge that he had accomplished his purpose, not waiting to be undeceived. With him it was—"My wife, my wife! What wife? I have no wife" instead of pipes, and tea, and brandy and water.

We have said that fiction tells us very little how common people behave under the disturbance of the stronger emotions. Tragedy in ordinary life cannot be understood from books, but must

be learned piecemeal from witnesses in courts of justice. Nor do we wish it otherwise. Far better to go on in what Sir Walter Scott calls the bow-wow style than seek after gross "nature" of this sort. Let the decencies and dignity of crime be observed. Yet it may not be without its use to show how stolid and uninteresting and meanly selfish may be the posture of mind of a man who knowingly sacrifices his life for the sake of that which might else be mistaken for a romantic passion.

VERSATILITY.

A PREJUDICE is apt to lurk, in English minds, against any union of opposite talents and capabilities in a single person. A man who in his time plays many parts, whose character permits him to sympathise with people of opposite habits and thoughts, and, without freak or whim, to catch many tones and harmonize with many different societies, is the sort of *rara avis* to be received in most countries with equal respect and liking. But though regarded as a hero in France or America, the versatile, and therefore paradoxical, man is too often supposed, in England, to be a potential knave or hypocrite, and is accordingly marked Dangerous. It is undoubtedly true that any highly trained mind which did not recognise moral restraints would be very dangerous, and the more versatile its powers the more portions of society it would injure. This species of monster, which unites "naked intellect" and pure selfishness in equal proportions, is sometimes to be met in the domain of novels. Something of this sort was the "fiend angelical," Paul Ferroll, "a glorious devil, large of heart and brain," who felt not the slightest remorse at removing a deceitful and termagant wife. We have indeed heard, in real life, of people wise and good, who combined philanthropy with forgery and wife-killing, just as John Newton, without being very wise, caught negroes, hymn-book in pocket. But we believe that this class is very rare, and that it is by no means necessary to include covertly under the same ban those who, without hypocrisy, seem really, from their well-developed versatility, to have several characters. The prejudice which we have mentioned is connected with our national character. Just as the ordinary Englishman prefers a single-hearted persevering man to an eccentric and volatile genius, so he will be constant to one political idea. The French, who love the varied mind, and who generally would not comprehend a preference for the simple and straightforward Gustavus Adolphus over the subtle and "various" Richelieu, are for ever agog with a host of new ideas for which they are prepared to fight. We hope to show, however, that the verdict against complexity of mind has hitherto been rather partially given on many occasions where it deserved praise instead of blame. This might not be the case across the Channel, where brilliance is valued almost as much as solidity; and in the country which received Mesmer and Cagliostro with enthusiasm there should be a broad field of success for a genuinely admirable Crichton. Accomplishments are, on the whole, more esteemed there than in England, and the men of whom we speak are but accomplished people magnified. Instead of many small excellences, they possess many complex and great ones, while their store daily increases as they absorb and reflect their neighbours' light.

Not only are strong minds often versatile, but it is occasionally true that their versatility is itself the cause of their strength. They leave, perhaps, no such striking memorials of themselves as are the reward of efforts concentrated only in one direction. They produce, as a rule, no revolutions in religion, though such men as Rousseau or Voltaire cannot touch it without affecting many minds. They are not the master-intellects that claim the great inventions of science, though it has lately been remarked that Bramah and Watt, Maudslay and Nasmyth, astonished almost as much by the variety as the wisdom of their inventions. Yet their influence is often very widely felt, and their immediate effect on the world is more brilliant than the more popular and lasting miracles of enthusiasm. It has been laid down by great authorities that all good veins of thought have been opened by systematic half-thinkers—i. e. by men who look so fixedly in one direction that they cannot turn about to look at different things, or at the same thing in various lights. Thus it has happened that, of all Jeremy Bentham's great qualities, the exclusiveness of his mind has been perhaps too pointedly praised, in a spirit of classical reverence for "the completeness of limited men," and of modern dislike for many-sided minds. One of the most versatile minds of ancient times was that of Alcibiades. His utter selfishness made him one of the dangerous class which at different times has almost rendered talent of every kind disreputable; yet the pupil of Socrates moved the course of the world in his time. Even in England, so fond of seeing glittering cleverness shamed by solid perseverance, we may trace the success which often attends these versatile wits, shot with varied colours and emotions, and may possibly mark the madcap son of Clinias. Was Villiers one or all mankind's epitome? Macaulay's sketch of Lord Peterborough supplies us with another example of a modern and more moral Alcibiades. Without the other's desperate selfishness, he possessed splendid talents. We are told that "the activity and fertility of his mind were almost beyond belief. They appeared in everything that he did, in his campaigns, in his negotiations, in his familiar correspondence, in his lightest and most unstudied conversation." Together with this high praise come remarks on his restlessness and eager craving for novelty. "He loved to dictate six or seven letters at once, and discoursed with ability on every subject." All this is dashed with notices of

his levity and morbid inability to keep to the point; and his biographer, with rather uncharitable facility, allows that his great talents were thus rendered useless. His mind was rather "too gay and wandering," as Pope said, and mixed with "the attributes of Venus, Mercury, and Mars"; but we may remember that a little wandering does no harm if confined within proper bounds, and that a volatile mind with enough ballast can be steered in a sensible course. It seems hard to blame such a man as Lord Peterborough for levity and power of varying the attention, without giving equal praise to those happy combinations, those strokes of eccentric genius, which made him famous, and which he owed to the very same qualities.

The mere capability of doing several things at once may be only a knack, as jugglers keep many balls in the air; and a man who can play several simultaneous games of chess, which requires a certain talent for chess plus a higher sort of juggling, could probably learn to dictate several letters at the same time, like Lord Peterborough or Julius Cæsar. But the power to do several things simultaneously, or in quick succession, which are different in nature and which demand opposite mental qualities, argues a much higher genius. Not that a man may not be equally brilliant in philosophy and cricket, or that a great statesman cannot be a good hand at billiards. But these things are so remote that there is no relation between them. The union or disunion of billiards and statecraft would excite no surprise. What strikes us as really wonderful is the possession of several excellences which are so far related as to be very generally disunited. When differing qualities grow (so to speak) in the same field, and deal with the same objects, then the union is rare. If a practical man is at the same time imaginative, or if a statistician writes highly ideal poetry, we call him really versatile; and it is by no means rare to find in some minds such a union—as in Shelley of poetry and mathematics, in many painters of painting and music. That this versatility may be turned to due account many other good gifts are required—namely, suppleness of mind, with a Japanese ingenuity and love of learning, joined with a tenacious memory and ballasted by some dominant purpose. All these are requisite to prevent the quick changes of mental position from producing confusion, and thus warranting the proverbial philosophy which has always disparaged and disliked Jacks-of-all-trades and "rolling-stones."

If we followed Archbishop Trench in all his sermons from words, we might show a long list, in many languages, of expressions which would testify to a general dislike of varied genius. The names of many an ancient knave and parasite—Eutrapelus, Panurge, Factotum, and their crew—have been pressed into this service, and are now stored up as ready-made slurs on versatile men. Ordinary men—and proverbs are the expression of the average thought of ordinary men—cannot understand those rare minds which in good faith are all things to all men, being cut by nature into so many facets as readily to reflect light caught from every quarter. They cannot draw a distinction between gross hypocrisy and this quick-shifting sympathy. In this way arose the gibes against Græculus Esuriens, or "the starving Frenchman" of a generation or two back, ready to turn his hand to any trade, good, bad, or indifferent. The mistake is gross, and easy to avoid; it is like mistaking a clever and independent friend for a Boswell, or confounding the artful turns of a good play with the violent changes and abrupt transformations of a fashionable melodrama or a Christmas pantomime. There is no doubt that the power of shifting the energies, so as to assume different sets of feelings and likings with facility, gives its owner a great advantage over the average of men. This happens especially in society, where the favourites will always be those who can turn from subject to subject and display knowledge without smattering, and liking without enthusiasm; and it is always the tendency of high civilization to produce a large number of such men. It is also a great advantage in the domain of art. As the "myriad minds" of Shakespeare and his unparalleled versatility remove him from the competition of other artists, so, in an infinitely smaller way, is an author better who can pass from grave to gay, from one branch of literature to another; and so an actor who can shine in both tragedy and comedy ranks higher, *ceteris paribus*, than the man of one rôle. In this last case, however, there are limits to versatility which should not be passed. *Est modus in rebus*; and we should not care to see Mr. Charles Kean playing Harlequin to Miss Bateman as Columbine.

Human nature being liable to err, as the grammar teaches us, and versatility being a most perfect weapon in the hands of a clever man, it is easy to account for part of the aversion in which it is held. The effects of great cunning and of unscrupulous versatility being identical, experience almost seems to justify the common apotheosis of plain men with one idea in their heads at a time. It requires a good man to withstand the temptation of wrongfully using great mental gifts; so that, though good things in themselves, they have been rather tabooed by a combination of common-sense people. Each would like himself to be the possessor, but none would like their best friends to hold Gyges' ring, or "the recipe of fern-seed" which makes invisible. But it is curious to look back on the past, and note the different degrees of admiration which cleverness of this kind has excited. The traditions of the earliest profane literature have come down to our nurseries in the form of fables, in which we see the greatest reverence for the ever-ready wisdom of animals. The savage saw a mysterious excellence in the varied instincts of the fox or the snake. In Reineke Fuchs we cannot avoid admiring the gallant and wily Reynard, and enjoying his hits at honest Sir Bruin and plain

Sir Ingram the Wolf. From the youth of Reynard to his game defence of Malepardus Castle, he is essentially the same character as Ulysses—clever, courageous, and versatile. This was the sort of mind which the age of chivalry loved; indeed, the knights sometimes pushed their admiration for variousness of talent too far, disregarding the end in sympathy with the cleverness of the means. However honest was the indignation felt by Marmion's peers against his "most unknighly deed," we think that several oft-quoted instances show that he would have found admirers, if not parallels, among the *bons chevaliers et preud'hommes* of St. Louis. At any rate, in many ages and many countries there has existed a deep sympathy for dexterous versatility, even when unsupported by great impulses; and a love which was ready to kindle into a *furor* has ever attended a strong and varied mind like that of Ulysses, who was a part of all that he had met. In our own days, men who are a part of all that they meet are not so well appreciated, and the motto of Reuben affords an unfair but popular and easy formula of condemnation.

In the middle ages, it was the fashion to be universal, and no panacea, or solvent, or formula was cared for unless it professed to be universal, and readily adapted to a succession of purposes. It naturally followed that scholars had to profess, as well as to admire, versatility of genius, before they were deemed fit to cope with "angelic" or "irrefragable" doctors. But in the present day, the tendency of science is to concentrate the energies of many men on one subject, not of one man on many. For instance, no one could hope now-a-days to master the whole study of the law. The mass of materials is so great that one mind can at most only take in all the details of one branch thoroughly and well. This avoiding of universals and tendency towards division and subdivision of mental labour suits our national way of thought, and hence has resulted the disparaging estimate of the eccentric and variously-stored characters which from time to time have sprung up among us. The English would not have endured a king so variably clever as the Emperor Frederick II., whom the Germans idolized. Look at Buckingham and Shaftesbury. The latter—the "state-artificer" who could so well predict political changes—got but little admiration for his "versatility and wonderful skill," but shared the blame which the miserable political prostitutes and caballers of the day had earned. The similarity of the result confounded his ambitious and prophetic audacity with their dull time-serving. Athithophel is not so popular a character in England as was many-witted Julius Cæsar in Rome, whose mind was "of widest range, struck by all passions."

Besides the men who seem to have many sets of talents, there is a variety of versatility which requires a slight notice. We mean when two distinct and even contradictory characters are interwoven in one man's mind. In intellectual matters, this dualism of the mind, this capability of entering into two opposite classes of subjects with equal zest, is considered remarkable; in morals, it is often called hypocrisy. But there is not much difference, for our purpose, between Shelley combining poetical rapture with mathematics, and Dick Steele trying to combine the qualities of a rake and a "Christian hero." They are both instances of this kind of versatility. Perhaps the alternations of early Italian statesmen, of whom Machiavelli has been thought the chief, between honour and cunning, vice and virtue, did not so much arise from their natural versatility as from a habit of looking at all such subjects æsthetically, and practising on either side indifferently as seemed expedient.

We have now touched on some of the reasons which may have caused the popular repugnance to those minds which quickly shift their ground. In the first place, such minds are dangerous to their neighbours, but merely as any great talent may be made so by a want of morality. Then, like all excellences, they provoke jealousy in those who do not possess them, and who point with exultation to all those versatile men who have failed in life, and, for want of a strong purpose, become convicted fribbles. But there are two causes besides these, perhaps the strongest of all in producing dislike. Quick change of any kind is considered essentially un-English, and perhaps it is. But men of varied talents are much more likely to spring up here than under a despotism, which must crush all forms of originality, though despots have a way of preserving men of genius like pheasants; and wherever too large a majority manages a Government without sufficient "motions, checks, and counter-checks," the same dearth of versatility will ensue. The last new novel asserts that America is fertile in mixtures, and introduces us to a very versatile gentleman indeed—"Quaker, Nimrod, Archimedes, Philanthropist, decorous Red Rover, and What Not"; but in real life they are rare. Perhaps out of the tumult of their present society some really versatile genius may supersede "failures," nine-day wonders, and abortive Napoleons. The last reason for the feeling is this—people are utterly and hopelessly bored by the imaginary perfections of the heroes of fiction. Perhaps one of the greatest recommendations to perseverance in one line, and to abstinence from all attempts at variety, is to be found in the "sensation novels" which surround us on all sides, and make us detest their Crichtons of heroes and their inverted Crichtons of villains.

DENMARK AND AMERICA.

IT is in one way harder, and in another way easier, to preserve impartiality in the quarrel between Denmark and Germany than in the quarrel between the Northern and Southern States in

America. The legal argument is incomparably more complicated in the European case; but there is nothing in the affairs of the two Duchies which can excite in any third party the same vehement passions which are kindled on both sides of the American quarrel. No English advocate of either Denmark or Germany is likely to get into such a passion as Professor Newman has got into against the Confederates, or to use such language as is habitually used by English revilers of Yankees. The only fear in this way is lest reasonable advocates of Denmark should find themselves swamped by some ridiculous cry about the Princess of Wales being the daughter of Sea-Kings, and all the conventional rubbish of that kind. Such a cry may be best met by getting up a cry on the other side for the Duke of Saxe-Coburg as brother of the late Prince Consort. Of course no dynastic nonsense of this sort will for a moment influence any rational man towards either side. The American controversy turns very little on points of law. There is one great question, but only one—namely, whether Secession is a constitutional right. But this question is seldom put in the first place by the European advocates of either side. No doubt advocates of the South assert such a right, while advocates of the North deny it. But the side which they severally take is mainly determined on quite other grounds. The legal right of Secession is quite unnecessary for the justification of the South. And strong Northern advocates with whom the war is a matter of principle might still justify it as a war waged directly against evil, even though Secession were a constitutional right. Moderate advocates of both sides would probably be found practically converging to the common ground that Secession is no constitutional right and yet that separation is a political necessity. This view, we may remark, is quite consistent with the most opposite opinions as to the war generally. Nothing sounds better than to say, "Let the South be independent, but with such a frontier as shall prevent the further extension of slavery." But this position would not hinder an interminable war to decide what frontier at once excludes the further extension of slavery and guarantees the independence of the South. Altogether, the American dispute is mainly one of passion and sentiment on both sides. The legal question is something not to be forgotten, but still something quite of secondary importance. It is a post in which advocates of either side are glad to intrench themselves at some stage or other of the debate, but it is not the argument on which they mainly rely in discussion; still less is it really the ground of conviction which determined them to adopt one side or the other.

The Danish question, on the other hand, contains very little to stir the blood either way. The utmost emotion which it can call forth on either side is a sort of sentimental preference for one nation rather than the other. But there is probably no Englishman in whom such sentimental preference for Denmark or for Germany at all approaches the intensity of feeling which has been called forth for and against both the Northern and the Southern Americans. It is hardly possible to take either side strongly in the American quarrel without feeling a real dislike to the hostile party. It is certain that both North and South have, in their general quarrel—particular blameworthy acts on either side are not to the point—simply done what any other people would have done under the like circumstances. Each has obeyed a natural and irresistible impulse. So have Denmark and Germany. We may be quite certain that, if we were Danes, we should be acting like the Danes, and that, if we were Germans, we should be acting like the Germans. The impulse on both sides is irresistible. But it is more than an impulse on both sides. Each side is provided with a store of admirable arguments—with a case, in short, which seems perfectly unanswerable as long as you do not hear the other. Instead of one legal question, there are about a dozen, each capable of being made the subject of admirable pleadings on either side. Almost every fact, past and present, is capable of being looked at in two ways, and of being made the subject of opposite statements without any reason to suspect either party of lying. In such a case, we may, and most of us do, take a side, but it is a side taken without passion. To determine that either side is in the right is simply to determine that, in a case where there is much to be said on both sides, there is more to be said on one side than on the other. When such a judgment has been reached, it is of course not inconsistent with a warm feeling on behalf of the side which is taken. But such warm feeling for one side by no means implies any contempt or dislike for the other. And if, as people who are puzzled in argument commonly do, we try to take refuge in irrelevant considerations, we are equally puzzled there also. Each nation is near of kin to us; which is nearer is matter of endless dispute. Each is closely connected with us dynastically. Which should be dearer, our Sovereign's daughter-in-law or our Sovereign's brother-in-law? If we attempt to take the line, generous but not always just, of backing the weak against the strong, we are baffled there also. Which is the weak and which is the strong? Shall we back the plucky little Duchies against the overbearing Kingdom, or the plucky little Kingdom against the overbearing Confederation? In such a state of conflicting attractions, we may wish well to one side rather than the other, but we cannot wish distinctly ill to either. We had rather see any conceivable settlement between the two parties than see either of them fall into the jaws of a certain third party. Peace by all means if possible, because peace is most likely to keep out such a third party. But let the King subdue the Duke or the Duke subdue the King rather than let either of them become the catspaw of the Tyrant. Let us see Hamburg Danish or Copenhagen German rather than see one more

Teuton, of whatever branch of our common race, brought either under Parisian influence or Parisian bondage.

Questions do not very often occur in which both reason and sentiment are so nearly balanced as they are in this Danish matter. It is a struggle of a very peculiar kind. It is not like great wars for some religious or political principle—wars between Guelfs and Ghibelins or between Catholics and Protestants. Nor is it like great struggles for freedom on one side and for dominion on the other. Either side may have its grievances; but whether we make it a war between the Duchies and Denmark or between Denmark and Germany, it is not a mere case of oppressor and oppressed; it will not be, on either side, a War of Independence, like those of Switzerland, Holland, and Greece. Still less is it like mere political wars, mere dynastic wars, wars between sovereigns in which their people have no real interest, wars in which it is hard to see the point in dispute, wars in which our sympathy is balanced, not because we sympathize with both, but because it is impossible really to sympathize with either. The struggle between Denmark and Germany is pre-eminently a national struggle; every patriotic feeling is excited on both sides; there is on both sides not merely the blind feeling of national honour, but the deliberate conviction of right. It is not a struggle for any great European object, and yet it is eminently a struggle which it is the interest of all Europe to allay. It is eminently a case for compromise, and yet nowhere would a compromise be more difficult, because a compromise would involve the sacrifice of the most cherished traditions on both sides. The Northern Duchy is confessedly partly Danish and partly German. We believe that this is not denied on either side, though of course Danes and Germans differ infinitely as to the respective proportions of the Danish and German elements. To divide the Duchy, to attach the Danish portion to Denmark and the German portion to Germany, seems to a third party the most obvious of expedients. But, to say nothing of the difficulty of fixing the boundary, such a compromise would be almost more offensive to national feeling on both sides than a conquest either way. If you are conquered, you are conquered; your rights are taken from you, but you have not yourself given them up. And each side identifies its national honour and its most cherished traditions with the possession of the whole Duchy. "Denmark to the Eyder" on the one side, and "Schleswig-Holstein" on the other, are cries utterly irreconcilable. Probably, between the contending tongues and races, no trace is left of any local patriotism for Schleswig as Schleswig, as distinguished both from Jütland and from Holstein. If there be any such feeling, it is clear that it would be as grievously wounded by a division as the greater national feelings on each side.

Another way out of the difficulty has been proposed by a very high authority, which would undoubtedly have much to be said for it in a world where men acted purely from a rational conviction of their future interest, unswayed either by the passions of the present or by the recollections of the past. This is that Denmark, as Denmark, should become an independent and sovereign member of the German League. Denmark, we are told, is naturally part of Germany. She is Germany's natural sea-board, her natural outlet. The two nations are separated by no marked physical barrier; there is no such wide difference between them as separates most European nations from one another. The proposed union is dictated by economical considerations, and economical considerations must triumph in the long run. The scheme is so bold and ingenious, so utterly different from all that is commonly said on either side, that it would be highly interesting to discuss it at full length. At present, however, it is enough to say that the national feelings of each side would equally reject it. To Denmark it would seem a surrender at once of special Danish and of general Scandinavian nationality. And German feeling would be hardly better satisfied. One may doubt whether any theory of German unity would consent to welcome such old enemies as equal Confederates; probably Eckenford won by the submission of Denmark would be thought more valuable than Copenhagen won by her adhesion. And to the other Scandinavian nations, looking eagerly as they do for a Federal union of all three Kingdoms, the accession of one of them to a rival Federation would seem an act of the basest apostasy.

The comparison of the Danish and the American dispute suggests one consideration of the deepest importance in a general view of history. It shows of how little importance mere physical size is in these matters. The American dispute affects a vast continent; many of the particular States on either side are of the size of European kingdoms. The Danish dispute immediately concerns two little districts smaller than some English counties. The population of the Danish Monarchy in its widest extent is much less than that of the State of New York, and that of the two Duchies is hardly so great as that of the city of New York. Even the whole German Confederation, though of course infinitely more populous, is not very much larger in superficial extent than the single State of Texas. But the physically small struggle concerns quite as absorbing interests, and may in the end concern as many individual men, as the physically great struggle. All those processes of the heart and the mind whose development distinguishes the civilized man from the barbarian are called forth as much by the Danish as by the American controversy. Every patriotic feeling, every thought of duty for the present, every memory of the past, every hope of the future, is equally called up by the small struggle as by that which seems outwardly greater. The refinements of

diplomacy and constitutional law are called forth far more abundantly by the European than by the American dispute. Putting aside the possibility of the struggle extending itself over all Europe, the immediate question, Shall Schleswig be Danish or shall it be German? is to every patriotic Dane and every patriotic German not a small question but a great one. The struggle has all the characters of moral greatness just as much, probably more, than if Schleswig were as big as Russia. Unthinking people are apt to despise the most instructive portions of past history, because they contain the history of "petty States." They are, in the like sort, apt to despise the worthiest nations of modern Europe because they form "petty States" also. The principles embodied in the cries "Schleswig-Holstein" on the one side and "Denmark to the Eyder" on the other are not to be looked on as a mere titling of mint and cumin because it is a small district which they immediately concern. The three Forest Cantons are much smaller, the Seven United Provinces are not much larger, than the two Duchies which form the matter of controversy. Yet the Swiss and Dutch Revolutions are the most glorious events in European history, morally greater, greater in their results, than any events in the history of vaster States. We do not indeed put the Danish dispute on a level with either of those famous struggles. On neither side is it in the same way a War of Independence. But it is a dispute which arouses on both sides the deepest and noblest feelings of our nature. As such it is as great and as instructive as if Schleswig and Holstein were of the bigness of France and Spain or of that of Muscovy and China.

POLITICAL INDIFFERENTISM.

PARTY-SPIRIT, so far as secular politics are concerned, is apparently at its last gasp in this country, and unless some unlooked-for agency should arise to galvanize it into a fresh existence, all that will be wanted, when it is dead and buried, will be an accurate historian to record the causes of its decline and fall. Religious rancour, as undying as the faith for which it fights, monopolizes for the moment the domain of English controversy, and whatever sparring takes place now-a-days is over the errors of unsound ecclesiastics rather than the shortcomings of incompetent statesmen. This political calm, which neither earthquakes nor congresses nor the cries of oppressed nationalities appear in any way to affect, may be for good or evil. To some it may prove the "contentment of a united people," to others the languid mediocrity of sensations into which we have subsided. But, whatever view we may take of it, it is a fact so evident by the records of our legislation and the various tokens which indicate the workings of public opinion, that it scarcely needs the corroboration which it almost daily receives from those "extra-Parliamentary utterances" in which the representatives of the people chant to provincial audiences a sort of choral *requiem* over the party-politics of England.

However delightful this tranquillity may seem to those who have everything to lose and nothing to gain in political tempests, the happy theory which assumes that one set of statesmen only are capable of governing, and one set of opinions only worthy to be entertained, is not without its practical inconveniences. Ex-officials who deprecate indifferentism, as did Mr. Fitzgerald the other day in his speech at Horsham, are of course open to the imputation of mourning over a state of things which excludes them from power, rather than over the unhealthy symptoms which it manifests. There is, nevertheless, a large section of the community wholly unaffected by the hopes or fears of the "ins" or the "outs," by whom the languor and apathy which pervades the body politic is regarded as indicating tendencies quite as dangerous as the restlessness of revolutionary periods. There was a time when no political axiom was more universally accepted than that government by party was essential to the maintenance and the very existence of representative institutions. Fifty years ago so stoutly was this doctrine upheld, that a member of Parliament who gave an independent vote was commonly regarded by a large section of his fellows as a traitor to the Constitution. The only justification which one of the late Sir Robert Peel's "whips" could suggest in palliation of the crime of a certain delinquent who voted in support of his conscience, but against his party, was a tradition of "insanity in the mother's family." To the surviving veterans who bore a part in maintaining the drill and discipline of those bygone days, the insubordination and independence of the modern political soldier must be shocking indeed. The mutinous and motley band which now follows reluctantly into the lobby the leader whose tact is indispensable to them, but whose principles they abhor, contrasts painfully with the serried hosts who marched without misgiving to victory or to defeat in passive obedience to commands the motives of which they did not affect to penetrate or care to comprehend. To the commanders-in-chief of both forces this state of things must be particularly embarrassing. As for the unhappy Secretary to the Treasury—with his commissariat of petty patronage crippled, as it is, by all the contrivances of competitions and examinations—it is difficult to imagine how, without annually poisoning a large number of tide-waiters and excisemen, he can have vacancies enough to meet the importunate demands of those whose constituents expect a consideration for the votes of their representatives, without whose aid "the Queen's Government cannot be carried on."

What may be the causes which have led to the dislocation of

party ties, and the apparent apathy which is its consequence, it may perhaps be scarcely necessary to inquire. Whether it is, as some say, because "all great questions are settled," or because, as others say, "no questions have been, or ever can be, settled at all by Parliament as at present constituted," it is needless to speculate. It is, nevertheless, a fact not unsuggestive of serious apprehensions, that government by party, which we admit by common consent to be the life-blood of representative institutions, is daily becoming more impossible in this country. To those who ignore the existence of any traditional political principles at all, and in whose estimate "politics" mean simply the science of forensic fighting on any question which happens for the moment to be uppermost, a simple solution of the difficulty presents itself in the fact that there is nothing to fight about. But, on a closer investigation, politics will cease to wear so ephemeral and undignified an aspect. It is true that there has almost always been some one absorbing theme of controversy towering above the topics of the day, and appearing to monopolize public thought. During the half-century which has passed since the commencement of Lord Liverpool's Administration, this has been peculiarly the case. The contests on Catholic Emancipation, Parliamentary Reform, and Free Trade have successively engrossed the energy of the combatants, and the interest of the spectators in the political arena. But the measure of party discipline which has throughout this period (sometimes indeed, as now, with wavering and unsteady hand) been nevertheless maintained, both in Parliament and among the constituencies of the United Kingdom, in spite of the disturbing causes which have contributed to relax and destroy it, conclusively proves that the broad line which severs the idolators of the past from the idolators of the future may, indeed, have become sometimes faint, but has never been wholly obliterated. "Cavaliers" may have merged into "Tories," and again been softened into "Conservatives;" Whigs and Radicals may, by a process of nominal self-consolidation, have been welded into "Liberals"; but it has been by the same political armies, under however varying designations, that the same battle has been fought through various dynasties for the traditional errors, truths, and prejudices which are not of one century or of one nation, but of all times and all countries. But perhaps it may be asked, if there be indeed two distinct classes of traditionary opinion, how comes it to pass that the opinion which is always in existence should ever lack organs for its expression—that the machinery of party should from time to time be thrown, as it were, completely out of gear, even at seasons free from any disturbing causes of domestic distress or foreign apprehension? It is evidently no answer to this question to say that all the battles have been fought out and won by one side—that the vanquished and baffled Conservative, after receding year by year, like the Danish king before the rising waves of public opinion, has now no longer any space on which to retire, and has been finally driven from the shore. It would be quite as correct a version of the story to say that the Liberal who came out twenty years ago armed with his five-pointed Charter, and threatening Church and Queen with immediate destruction, has been compelled to abandon one after another all his impracticable crotchets, and is now sunk into his merited insignificance. If the Tories have renounced the creed of Eldon, the Whigs have, at all events, recanted their half-avowed acquiescence in that of Feargus O'Connor.

The fact is that, though the seat of war may have changed with the objects for which it is waged, though the conflicting armies may not be visibly drawn up in battle array, the principles or prejudices for which they fought in times past yet survive, and may at any moment become the subject of a conflict as severe as any recorded in the pages of our history. If we were to seek for an explanation of the apparent indiscipline of the rival hosts at this moment, it would be found perhaps in the confusion incidental to a party nomenclature in which the titles of factions have survived the realities which they once represented. Lord Palmerston, for instance, is called a "Liberal Minister," and the party which he leads is called a "Liberal party," and yet, by common consent, this very man is the especial representative, not only of those who value law, order, and the maintenance of constituted authority, but of those who dread organic change. It would convey quite as accurate an idea of the purposes and opinions of the two great parties now in the House of Commons if they were christened after the Papal and Imperial factions which disturbed the peace of Italy five centuries ago. For all purposes of enabling us to attach meaning to their respective titles, they might quite as well be called "Guelfs" and "Ghibelines," as "Liberals" and "Conservatives." And how has this confusion in our party nomenclature arisen? Mainly because, in defiance of the maxim which bids every man to stick to his own trade, our statesmen have thought proper, on various occasions, to step entirely out of the path they had chosen for themselves, and to contradict, on alleged grounds of public convenience, all the formulas of political belief which through their previous lives they had professed. If we add to this cause the unfortunate tendency of public men out of office to play at politics, we shall scarcely be at a loss to account for the anarchy which pervades our party ranks, and the confusion which perplexes our party nomenclature.

The amusement referred to, however exciting it may be at the time, cannot fail to render a recurrence to earnest occupations, when the toys of yesterday's play have to be converted into the tools of to-day's hard work, difficult, if not impossible. One Minister plays, perhaps, at foreign politics, another

at Communism, a third at Parliamentary Reform, and then, in the vicissitudes of public life, they all three find themselves brought together one fine morning in the same Cabinet, encumbered by their respective antecedents. It would be well if the difficulties hence arising ended simply in personal embarrassments; but it is obvious that the two or three hundred gentlemen whose united support in the House of Commons is essential to the maintenance of the Queen's Government, will, however loyally disposed, be ill able to prepare themselves for the battle, in obedience to a command so uncertain as that which must, in the case supposed (by no means an impossible one), be passed along their ranks. In proportion as statesmanship assumes the aspect of a calling in which the actors are merely playing a part, whether for the sake of fame or gain, indifference among the educated and thoughtful portion of the community is an inevitable result.

Three years ago, before the American war broke out, the citizens of that country were playing at politics. Their newspapers teemed with reports of "caucuses," "mass-meetings," and "conventions," at which "Know-Nothings," "Wide-awakes," "Free Soilers," "Lone Stars," and "Locofocos," figured in the tribune and on the stump. On all this pantomime the curtain suddenly fell, and was only drawn up to disclose the awful realities of war. Whether the next stage of their political existence may be in the form of one, two, three, or half a dozen republics it is vain to conjecture; but it needs no prophet to foretell that dismemberment and decay must be the eventual destiny of any nation in either hemisphere in which politics have become either a pastime or a trade, and where the changes in the governing body have ceased to indicate the alternate triumphs and defeats of heartfelt convictions, and the failure or success of those genuine aspirations in the conflict of which it is to be found the surest guarantee for the order, progress, and good government of States.

ORGAN-GRINDING.

IT is remarkable that a severe frost has almost the effect of stimulating the activity of brass bands. If you take a walk between ten and twelve o'clock on a particularly cold night you will be surprised to notice the energy of the musicians who will be performing in front of numerous public-houses. Whether this outpouring of melody takes place in the supposed interest of the performers or of the landlords is not quite clear. But it is likely that the sale of liquor in the ordinary course of trade may be promoted by an expedient which is generally considered essential to the original establishment of almost every kind of retail business. The police reports of the present week have supplied a pleasant example of the approved method of opening with proper ceremonial a shop which is to depend for custom upon the working class. A gentleman living in Kentish Town came before a magistrate and stated that he had a daughter lying at the point of death. Five doors from his house was a baker's shop which commenced business last Saturday. The proprietor "inaugurated" the concern by having about a dozen men playing in front of his house on brazen instruments, from half-past four o'clock in the afternoon to ten o'clock in the evening, when they went inside the shop and kept playing there until midnight. The complainant reached his home about eight o'clock in the evening. Finding that his sick daughter was grievously distressed by these brazen instruments, he sent a servant to request the performers to desist. They treated his remonstrance with contempt. He then applied to a policeman, who, instead of rendering any assistance, "fraternized and joked with the players." The principal complaint was against this policeman, and the magistrate directed inquiries to be made with a view to censuring or punishing both the authors of the nuisance and the constable who encouraged it. The law is not without means of reaching offenders of this character, but there are various difficulties in the way of putting the law in motion, and the greatest difficulty is that a large part of the community applauds and rewards those musical performances which cause to other persons annoyance and perhaps misery. If a woman is uttering outside your door sounds which utterly destroy your power of mental concentration, and reduce you to a state of exquisite irritability, the chances are that she will meet your angry remonstrance by the statement that a gentleman two doors off gives her sixpence nearly every week, and she will add that it is very hard that you should interfere with her attempts to earn an honest livelihood. The fact is that the rude majority of the inhabitants of London do like organ-grinding and kindred noises, which the more refined minority call nuisances. Even in respectable streets and squares, the servants covertly encourage those performances which drive their masters and mistresses to desperation; and there are people who have had opportunities of acquiring a more instructed taste who nevertheless seem to consider that noise is equivalent to hilarity. Not long ago, a complaint preferred against itinerant musicians by Mr. Babbage or some other sufferer was met by the statement that an Irish girl, servant at a house where a wedding was going forward, had given the musicians a gratuity sufficient to retain their most energetic services for the entire day. The girl no doubt considered that she was taking the most natural and proper measures to ensure the adequate solemnization of a wedding in her master's family. Some people, too, encourage, for the amusement of their children, that class of grinders whose machinery sets dolls in motion at the same time that it evolves some familiar tune. A case occurred only a week

ago in which an exasperated inhabitant of Langham Place, whose "literary avocations" had been disturbed by an organ-player whom he brought before a magistrate, was obliged to admit that the defendant was not wholly without excuse, inasmuch as a neighbour had promised the man a gratuity for doing the very thing of which complaint was made. From the difficulty which appears to occur in obtaining convictions against these disturbers of study and repose, it might almost be suspected that some of the police magistrates either have a very uninstructed taste in music or are so happily constituted as to be totally incapable of having their thoughts distracted or their slumbers broken by any amount of organ-grinding or brass bands that could be concentrated outside their windows. It is said that Lord Stowell had a passion for visiting shows, and it may be that other lawyers love the sort of music which usually accompanies those entertainments. It is doubtless advantageous to a lawyer to have a strong digestion, a head that can bear liquor, a mind that no interruption can distract, and nerves incapable of being affected by the most acute or droning sounds; and perhaps there may be among the police magistrates examples of this convenient hardihood of bodily and mental constitution. If, however, there sat upon the bench a magistrate who from his own had learned to feel another's woe, it would not be difficult to find in the Metropolitan Police Act clauses which apply to organ-grinding and brass bands, although, as regards singing women, who are perhaps capable of inflicting the most severe of all tortures upon irritable nerves, the law is not so clear as the sufferers under this last-named nuisance could desire.

It is provided by the above-mentioned Act that it shall be lawful for any householder within the Metropolitan police district, personally, or by his servant, or by any police constable, to require any street musician to depart from the neighbourhood of the house of such householder on account of the illness of any inmate of such house, or for other reasonable cause; and every person who shall sound or play upon any musical instrument in any thoroughfare near any house after being so required to depart shall be liable to a penalty not exceeding 40s. The complainant in the case above referred to stated that, "as he was engaged in literary occupation, he was much annoyed" by organ-grinding; and Mr. Knox, sitting at Marlborough Street, decided that this was "a reasonable cause" for requiring the grinder to depart. This decision would seem sufficient for the protection of students of every class; but it was stated in the course of discussion that Mr. Tyrwhitt, in a case before him, "was not quite sure of his interpretation of the Act," though he inclined to consider organ-grinding under similar circumstances a nuisance. But even assuming Mr. Knox's construction of the Act to be adopted by all his brother magistrates, the householder's practical difficulty is to enforce his requisition if the grinder politely but firmly declines to pay attention to it. Of course, the grinder cannot or will not understand the remonstrant's language; but it would not be reasonable to allow him to pretend ignorance of those energetic signals which are probably employed by all the nations of the earth to indicate a particular desire that the person to whom they are addressed should depart out of the presence of the person who employs them. The real difficulty is, that the remonstrant has neither time nor inclination to accompany the grinder through the remainder of his day's wanderings, until he turns his weary footsteps towards his humble lodging in Saffron Hill, and thus reveals an address where a summons may be served upon him. Perhaps, too, the remonstrant may have heard that the neighbourhood of Saffron Hill is rather thickly peopled with Irishmen and Italians, and he may fear that among the cudgels of the former and the knives of the latter perfervid race it may happen that his studies may suffer an interruption much more serious than ever they sustained from organ-grinding. In this difficulty one naturally thinks of applying to a policeman. But that is a resource which should be adopted with as much discretion as is possible under the vexatious circumstances. There is no better opportunity for getting a warrant than a summons, and the Act only authorizes the police to take into custody without warrant "any person who, within view of any such constable," shall offend against the Act and whose name and residence shall be unknown and cannot be ascertained. The complainant in the recent case had requested the grinder to depart. He did depart, but returned to the other side of the house and resumed grinding. The complainant having met with a constable, and being desirous of making an example of the grinder, gave him into custody, and he was taken to the police-station. The constable stated that, when given into custody, the prisoner was not grinding, but was sitting upon his organ. Hereupon Mr. Knox considered that the prisoner was not rightfully in custody, and discharged him. There is no doubt that this decision was correct. The complainant had rendered himself clearly liable to an action for false imprisonment, but it may be doubted whether a jury would give more than nominal damages in such a case. The complainant said, with truth, that if the Act were thus strictly construed there would be no protection for him, because if, when annoyed, he went for a constable, "the men would put down their organs and pretend they were not playing them." He said that the grinders numbered twenty or thirty in the course of the day, and played all day long, from nine o'clock in the morning till ten at night. It was suggested by Mr. Knox that the heavy and apparently exceptional affliction of Langham Place might be mitigated by employing a constable in plain clothes to take offenders in the act of grinding.

As regards the metropolis generally, it is satisfactory to obtain a clear magisterial decision that the disturbance of ordinary study or literary labour is "a reasonable cause" within the Act for requiring grinders to desist.

NEW PICTURES AT THE NATIONAL GALLERY. (Second Notice.)

IN a former paper we noticed the pictures belonging to Northern Italy which have lately been purchased. Three interesting works represent as many phases of the Florentine school—a religious vision, a mythological scene, and a portrait. Their chronological order, which we have here followed, is an index in brief of the main developments through which figure-painting passed in the early time. Homely life, subjects of sentiment, and accurate reproduction of the past, have been the three principal motives in the same branch of art since added; and by this addition, the circle, so far as invention goes, appears to be complete in outline, although, whilst our race exists, it will never be weary of filling in the details, as each of the chief provinces of design becomes in turn popular.

The Vision—that strange mediæval symbol of the Holy Trinity from which those who judge ancient art by modern theology will turn with averted eyes—is by one of the greatest and rarest of the Florentine artists, Pesellino. A mystical element, combined with a peculiarly bright and cheerful conception of subject, is one of the most conspicuous features in the religious school of Florence, and doubtless accurately answers to the tone of mind prevalent in the "Fair City" before the vigour of its republican life was crushed by the Medicean usurpation. These qualities are distinctly traceable in Pesellino. We believe this picture (the gem of the Davenport Bromley Collection) is noted by Vasari as the reputed masterpiece of the artist. The dignity and beauty of the heads, the transparent brilliancy of the colours, the force and naturalness of the unpeopled country beneath, render it worthy of his eulogies. It would be interesting to ascertain whether the neighbourhood of one of the Tuscan or Umbrian Sanctuaries could be traced in the hillsides and valleys of the landscape, over which this strange and solemn vision might have presented itself to some ecstatic anchorite.

The "Death of Procris," by Piero, pupil of Cosimo Rosselli, is not less characteristic than Pesellino's work of Florentine tendencies in the days of Boccaccio, or of Ficino and Lorenzo de' Medici. With the literature, the mythology of fifteen hundred years before was then first reattracting attention. Even the earliest converse with the great Roman writers had led educated Italians to doubt that theological dogma of the Roman Church which for centuries had denounced Olympus and all its inhabitants as the Mount of Devils. But the first attempts at what we now call classical study were inevitably hampered by great difficulties. All our critical aids were wanting. It was almost entirely in the Roman literature that the old mythology was studied; and Piero di Cosimo's life closed just when the diffusion of Greek literature through the press was beginning. Nor could men at once shake off either the modes of thought or the fashions in art which they had inherited from the middle ages. All these influences may be traced in this beautifully drawn and delicately painted "Death of Procris." It is represented as a simple fact. The fair girl, her head fallen over, is lying dead, watched by the divine hound, Lelaps; a pitying Satyr is gently raising her; behind stretches a lovely reach of sea and coast, filled with birds, amongst which is a flight of storks, painted with almost Japanese grace and fidelity to nature. There is no attempt to give either the later symbolical or the primitive physical sense of the legend. It is set forth like a tale from Ovid. Nor, again, are the features of the girl, or her dress, still less the curly-headed and shepherd-like Satyr, reproduced from the antique, as they would have been by Giulio Romano. On the contrary, much of the grace and purity of the picture lies in the fact that the treatment is just that of the religious works of the age unconsciously applied to a Greek subject. Hence, to a thoughtful spectator, the special interest of the work. We have here before us the great turning-point in the intellectual history of Christendom—the blending of the two great streams of human thought and sentiment. This period, of which the writings of Petrarch and Boccaccio are the most vivid representatives, was of brief duration, and we are hence disposed to regard the "Procris" as of singular value in an historical collection. For by this, in the large and enlightened sense which actuated the Prince Consort when he set forth the scheme to the Trustees of the Gallery, is intended not a mere collector's gathering of specimens by every man who ever touched a panel or a canvas, but a series of those works which illustrate most completely the progress of the human mind as it revealed itself in art. The analogy between the drawing of this picture and the little prints by Benedetto Montagna will not escape those who are interested in the curious engravings of the early Italian school.

The portrait by Andrea del Sarto is, we presume on competent authority, described as his own head. Though not so complete a piece of painting as the "Tailor," by Moroni, which we lately noticed, it is a delicate and graceful work, and, we must own, far more attractive to us than the somewhat mannered and artificial sacred subjects by which Andrea has rendered the world familiar with his wife's features. Mr. Browning, in one of the most deeply felt of his poems, has brought us face to face with the gifted and unhappy artist. The face in this portrait is the confession from himself to the veracity of the poet's penetration. It is full of vague poetry

and excitable feeling. Feebleness of will and sensitiveness of nature are seen in the delicate chin, feminine lips, and finely-modelled nose. Even the nervous action with which a book is grasped may be taken as true to Andrea's disposition. Compare it with the mode in which Lotti's doctor (described in our previous notice) wields his Galen.

Before quitting the Italian school, attention may be called to the "Virgin and Child," ascribed to the rare Milanese artist Beltraffio—the one of Leonardo da Vinci's pupils who, perhaps, caught most of his great master's elevation of manner. This quality is conspicuous in the Gallery specimen, which deserves additional notice because, from the extreme paucity of Leonardo's own work, we can only hope to complete our idea of his style by the study of his followers.

The German pictures bequeathed by Prince Albert, or presented by Her Majesty in pious fulfilment of his intention, have been, we believe, selected from a large number gathered, at the beginning of this century, by a Count Wallerstein. The Count seems to have turned that famous period of dispersion to good account, and we have now so many specimens of the second great school of early Christian art at Trafalgar Square as to give us some kind of insight into the scope of the painters. We have still to wish, both that the series were more complete, and that it contained a few pictures of first-rate order in importance; for, in quality of art, the exquisiteness which has been the leading principle of choice in the existing administration has been commonly kept in view. There is, perhaps, no better Van Eyck than ours, but there are Van Eycks which give a much more exalted idea of the painter's capacities, whilst the great Dürer is much less adequately represented. We know, however, the difficulties that, in this province, beset the purchaser, and meanwhile welcome with gratitude the liberal gift of the deceased Prince.

The ancient Flemish and German schools may be roughly divided between the period of their undisturbed nationality and the time when Italian influences more or less affected them. During this progress, whilst the fondness for angular lines in the drapery and a set, if not stationary, air in the figures was little impaired, the predominance of the landscape backgrounds generally increased, until, in the latest examples, this portion of the work almost reaches the character of the more direct landscapes which immediately precluded the well-known later Dutch and Flemish schools. Meanwhile, the landscape, although more important, can rarely be said to have improved. It has no longer either the faithful study of nature or the admirable natural tints of Van Eyck, but is dealt with on conventional principles of design and colour—the scene being overcrowded with rocks, castles, trees, and water, and the colour regularly graduated from a dark and forcible foreground to shades of blue and grey, which form the horizon. The "S. Christopher," by Patinir, is a pleasing example of this treatment, which happens particularly to suit the scenery of the well-known legend. Here the details are in place, and many of them, especially a little town nestling under its castle (on the left), are beautifully put in. In the same painter's "Crucifixion" and "S. John," in the "Crucifixion" by De Bles, and the "Holy Family" of Mostert and of Schoreel, the backgrounds appear too much for the balance of the picture. This, however, may be partly due to the comparative inefficiency of the human element. The figures are rather mannered and constrained, having lost the dignified severity of the original Teutonic type, without fully reaching the grace of the Italian. In Mostert's work the sunny gold of the Virgin's hair is beautifully given; but the most satisfactory of these later Flemish pieces seems to us the "Holy Family" of Engelbertsz. This is painted almost entirely in a cold key, like Gainsborough's "Blue Boy;" but sufficient warmth has been given by skilful management of a bit of crimson dress, and by the flesh-tints, which again are "taken up" by a faint flush on the sky. The landscape—an undulating tract, rich in trees, running gradually up into a line of hills against the horizon—is both truly and sweetly imagined, and keeps its due place in the composition, while, in the figures, the manner of Raffaele blends gracefully with the general Germanism of the group.

Turning now to the earlier or more purely Teutonic series, the most important historically, if not technically (on which its present rather too exalted position renders it difficult to speak), appears to us the "Three Saints," by Master Stephen of Cologne, painter of the renowned "Adoration of the Kings," which is the pride of the great Cathedral. One other picture, also at Cologne, completes the scanty list of productions ascribed to this master on good evidence. Our specimen has an early grace and sweetness which are rare in the more realistic types of feature and the more angular lines of drapery which afterwards predominated almost throughout Northern Europe. The colour is bright and fused, and the figures varied sufficiently in attitude, without affectation. "Two Saints," a larger composition by another artist of Cologne, is a much more powerful work, and in the details admirably executed; but in the leading ordonnance of its lines, in the elaborately-wrought background, and the style of features, we see clear traces of that later manner which never quite satisfies the eye unless it be wielded by the masculine force and profound feeling of an Albert Dürer.

To the Rhenish school also, in all probability, belongs the "Presentation in the Temple," by an artist whom Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle, the authors of *Early Flemish Painters*, identify with Israel Meckenken, a painter whose bizarre designs are known to the curious in prints through the burin of Martin Schon.

Whether this identification be correct or not, the "Presentation," at any rate, by the hard outlines almost everywhere prevalent, and by the flat or tinted style in which the colour is filled in, might naturally itself be an engraver's work. It has the look of completeness, like many modern pictures, rather than the reality; and, no doubt, may have filled its place above an altar with sufficient effect. In trying to judge the old religious school, it should always be remembered that their pictures were produced for a practical purpose—that they were thought of much more as ecclesiastical furniture than as creations of art. Looked at from the latter point of view, this picture is a curious group of early costumes. Some of the heads are characteristic, and here and there—as in the down-trodden slipper of the High Priest, and the action of S. Joseph feeling in his money-pouch for his "offering"—we trace that healthy clinging to the realities of life which too many German artists of this century have slighted.

In the Flemish section, one small "Holy Family" bears the name of Margaret, sister of Hubert and John Van Eyck. This is a pleasing design. The Virgin's head is graceful and simple; and we see archaism rather than ignorance in the somewhat stiff lines of the drawing. The curiously patched and seamed bit of tapestry close behind the figures may be accepted, in the absence of any picture authoritatively assignable to Margaret, as a touch of feminine feeling. The "Holy Family" of Memling, also one of Her Majesty's gifts, may be compared with this Van Eyck. It has suffered some repainting, but the Virgin's face, especially in the carefully-modelled forehead, bears the stamp of the great artist of Bruges.

To one of the descendants of Roger Van der Weyden the catalogue ascribes a "Mater Dolorosa" and an "Ecce Homo." The latter, though perhaps not free from sentimentalism, has much merit in the treatment of a theme which modern feeling has justly regarded as beyond the range of art. The Virgin, as a piece of contemporary portraiture (it goes no further), hardly equals a lady's head, crowned and surrounded by a singular cap not unlike the caps worn near Coutances in Normandy, by Sigismund, uncle of the great Holbein.

A small-size portrait of a Monk, by Van der Goes of Bruges, is the last which we can now notice. This is the most complete and elaborate of the Royal presents; and, as a piece of downright honest work, too faithful to be called prosaic, it deserves the study of all who care to see how far a thorough use of limited means (the portion of most men) may carry a portrait-painter. The head is simple and earnest; the hands are beautifully painted and expressive; and the background, which contains two elaborately drawn church towers, has an air of fidelity which (in portraiture) is ill exchanged for the stage column and curtain, or the group of trees in no-man's-land, with which we are all painfully familiar.

REVIEWS.

LIFE OF THEODORE PARKER.*

WE have had occasion of late to notice the publication of several successive volumes of the works of Theodore Parker, who is probably entitled to be considered the most remarkable theological, political, and moral writer that has appeared in North America since the generation which achieved the independence of the United States passed away. His life and correspondence, in two thick volumes, have now been published. The life is just what such books always are. It is a heap of journals, letters, and other memorials, strung together by a thread of narrative written in a slightly though not very offensively stilted style, and containing on the whole as full a statement of everything concerning its hero as his most ardent and patient admirers could possibly desire. Most of us know, by more or less dreary experience, what sort of book it is which answers to this description. A full, true, and particular biography of a popular preacher is not *prima facie* an attractive work; but as Theodore Parker was something more than a popular preacher, his life is something more than a common religious biography. The literary merit of the book itself is small, but it gives its readers more light on American affairs, and on the passions by which the leading men of the parties to the present civil war are agitated, than almost any other recent work.

Theodore Parker was born at Lexington in the year 1810, being the eleventh and youngest child of a Massachusetts yeoman, whose great grandfather had settled at Lexington, and whose ancestors had emigrated from England in the first half of the seventeenth century. The family might be taken as a type of the very best part of the population of the United States. When Theodore Parker was born, they had lived for just one hundred years in the same house, cultivating their own land, and working besides at a variety of country handicrafts. They were people of great strength of mind and body, and lived, with hardly an exception, to a great age. John Parker, the grandfather of Theodore, was a captain of militia, and commanded the Lexington company which on the 19th of April, 1775, resisted the King's troops and drew the first blood shed in the War of Independence. Captain Parker on that occasion took from one of the English soldiers the first musket captured in the war. It, and the one which

he used himself, hung in his grandson's house, and were wont to furnish him with a good deal of oratorical capital.

Young Parker had at first the ordinary common-school education of New England, but till he was seventeen years of age he was enabled to attend some school or other for part of the year. In his seventeenth year he began himself to teach, and between teaching and working he contrived, by his twentieth year, to enter himself at Harvard College. He remained there for some years, living partly at home under one of those arrangements by which, in America, poor students contrive to combine their studies with the earning of their livelihood. He appears to have worked for five or six years exceedingly hard, and to have got through an immense amount of miscellaneous reading and learning of languages. He had always intended to be a clergyman, and he settled as a Unitarian minister at West Roxbury, near Lexington, in 1836. He led a studious life there for several years, and, pushing his investigations beyond the limits which even the members of his own body considered orthodox, soon fell into bad odour. At last, in 1841, he preached a sermon called "A Discourse of the Transient and Permanent in Christianity," which was considered altogether beyond bounds, and caused him to be excommunicated and repudiated by all the ministers of his own denomination. In 1844, some of his friends and admirers offered to make him minister of a congregation of his own in Boston. He accepted the offer, and passed the rest of his life in that position, and in lecturing all over the Northern States upon a variety of subjects, moral, religious, and political. His congregation was said to be the largest in America, and considering his great eloquence, learning, and warmth of disposition, this is not surprising. His lectures and other public appearances kept him in a constant state of feverish activity, and the excitement of speaking all day and travelling all night, aided by a constitutional tendency to consumption, broke down his health, and he came to Europe to die in 1859. His death took place at Florence, in May 1860.

The events of his life have in themselves little interest, but it is very different with the history of his mind and opinions. He would appear to have represented with singular completeness and fidelity one side of the American character. It would be hardly an exaggeration to call him the incarnation of American romance. Upon all subjects he held, in their strongest form, the doctrines characteristic of the most energetic part of the nation to which he belonged—a nation which, with many weaknesses, must always be inexpressibly interesting to Englishmen, and which, notwithstanding all its drawbacks, is probably destined to play a prominent part in the history of mankind. The feeling that this is so—the feeling that they live in the shadow projected by coming events as yet dimly seen, but of enormous weight and magnitude—is one of the great redeeming features in American life and literature. A superficial, and especially an unsympathetic, eye may easily regard the whole character of the United States as something petty and vulgar. In certain moods a man might readily adopt Mr. Carlyle's splenic remark, that the Americans, after all, have done nothing more than "beget with unexampled rapidity thirty millions of the greatest bores in creation." He might add, with the same author, that there is nothing particularly noble or affecting in the American ideal of unlimited roast beef and plum-pudding for all sorts and conditions of men. It is easy to deny, and hard to prove, the fact, that amongst the better kind of Americans, at all events, the process of becoming rich and powerful, of replenishing and subduing the earth, of throwing society into new shapes, of making men happier and richer, has its own poetry and pathos, and that it supplies the appointed means of increasing nobler and higher things than mere material prosperity—of making men not only happier, but wiser and better, because happier. No doubt there are in America, as elsewhere, a number, perhaps a majority, of persons who are utterly incapable of elevated views, and probably such a city as New York, the common sewer of Europe, contains an unusually large proportion of them; but it would be most unjust to form the same estimate of the States in general, and especially of the New England States. Probably the New England farmers are, to the extent of their capacity, as open to patriotic feelings, and as much moved by high-minded and unselfish principles as any people in the whole world. It is said, and probably with perfect truth, that, whatever may have been the case in New York—which has somehow contrived to stand with many English people as the type of America at large—the New Englanders in the present war have made personal sacrifices of the most terrific kind, so that there are but few families which are not in mourning.

Theodore Parker, who by birth and breeding was a Pharisee of the Pharisees, threw all the feelings of his country into the strongest relief. To borrow his own phraseology, he thoroughly expressed the American idea, and the history of his life affords, perhaps, the most accurate notion of that idea which can anywhere be found. We will try to show how its different manifestations were related to each other. The leading and central feature in all Parker's views was their trenchant dogmatism. No other modern writer of eminence has made so much use, in every department of thought, of the Absolute and the Infinite. The cardinal doctrine of his theology, morality, and politics, all of which in his mind were but so many limbs of one body, was that it is the very essence and specific characteristic of human nature to be able to take direct knowledge of certain great fundamental truths. He considered that no argu-

* *Life and Correspondence of Theodore Parker, Minister of the 28th Congregational Society, Boston.* By John Weiss. 2 vols. London: Longman & Co. 1863.

ment was needed to prove either the existence or essential attributes of God, the immortality of the human soul, or the first principles of morality—as, for example, that there is in the nature of things a distinction between right and wrong, that certain things are right and certain others wrong, and that we ought to regulate our conduct by this distinction. He was never tired of reiterating the assertions of the Declaration of Independence, that it is a self-evident truth that men have a right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness; nor did he ever shrink from putting these propositions forward in the strongest form, and drawing from them every inference which they could be made to bear. He thus considered himself to have obtained an immovable standing-point from which he could dogmatize on every subject and enforce his own views on all his fellow-citizens at least. The results, both positive and negative, of his belief that he had obtained what Archimedes required, were most remarkable. The first result was that he made by far the most plain-spoken attacks that have been made in the English language on all established systems of theology. He never hesitated to condemn, in the most peremptory manner, any doctrine, whatever authority it might claim, which appeared to him to conflict with what he described as Absolute Religion; nor did he ever shrink, though a man of the deepest religious feeling, from insisting in the strongest and most pugnacious way, and in the presence of all who cared to listen, on all the historical, critical, and scientific objections to the received theology. The vigour and boldness with which he was accustomed, not merely to think and to write, but to preach and lecture on this topic, were sufficiently decisive. His theology, as is well known, was both simple and thoroughgoing. He absolutely rejected the whole of the supernatural part of Christianity, regarding Jesus Christ as a mere man, and a man who had his defects. He renounced the Devil and all his works in a sense very different from that of the Catechism, and declared at once that no authority, miraculous or otherwise, could ever make him believe in the existence of such a being, or in the wider doctrine of absolute evil—the doctrine, that is, that anything whatever in the world is not, all things considered, the best possible. His thoroughgoing theoretical optimism forms a strange contrast with his furious practical indignation against what he viewed as immoral institutions, such as slavery. However he may have managed to reconcile such a belief to his theories, he certainly considered that there were some uncommonly bad things in the best of all possible worlds.

Upon this foundation he erected a superstructure which was at all events consistent and harmonious. He denied, and even fiercely denounced, the whole doctrine of sin and all its consequences. "Vice I know, and crime I understand; but what is sin?" appears to have been his sentiment. That the best of men are "miserable sinners," and that neither the splendour of anything that is great nor the conceit of anything that is good in us ought to withdraw our eyes from looking on ourselves as sinful dust and ashes, were in his view damnable heresies. He held that most men were very reasonably good, and that what are generally described as good men are really good in the best, highest, and truest sense of the word. Hence his prayers, if prayers they are to be called, fell into the form of jubilant exultation, and his sermons turned continually on such broad practical questions as slavery, the laws relating to women, education, and the like, instead of turning, as is generally the case in our own country, upon feelings which he would have described as artificial, false, or trifling, or upon matters which the bulk of Christians consider to be religious duties, but which he denied to be duties at all.

It would be impossible within our limits to attempt anything like a discussion of these broad principles, or even to hint at the criticisms which his audacious denials, and even more audacious affirmations, would invite in an extended criticism on his life and writings. It may, however, be interesting to point out the intimate relation which exists between such a state of mind and the state of the country in which it was formed. Parker's whole cast of mind was that of a man living in a country drunk with youth and strength. He not only had no difficulties, but seems not to have understood how any one else could have any. Everything was as clear to him as the sun at noonday. It followed from the idea of God, to use his own phraseology, that the universe is the best of all possible universes; that the laws (as he called them) by which it is governed are, in so far as they relate to human affairs, self-evident to all reasonable men who view the matter calmly; and that it is therefore not merely possible, but easy (at least to some people) to pronounce with infallible certainty upon the absolute justice or injustice, right or wrong, of every human institution, and thus to reconstruct the world on the footing of that perfection which he viewed as the natural and indefeasible inheritance of all the children of men. Hence he preached up his own moral and political views, especially those which related to slavery, with a sort of ardour which is seldom manifested upon any subject in this country. The strange pamphlet by Mr. Francis Newman, on which we made some remarks last week, is but a reflection of the ardour of Theodore Parker. An English judge is not more sure that rape and murder are crimes than Theodore Parker was, not merely of the mischief of slavery, but of its toleration in any form being a hideous crime, an offence hardly to be spoken of. Whoever wishes to understand the spirit which animates the extreme Abolitionists—who are probably at the present moment the most consistent party in the old United States, inasmuch as they alone of the Northerners have a thoroughly definite notion of their own objects—should study the life and correspondence of Parker. It will there be

seen that the fierceness with which they advocate their views' the violence of their language, their savage indignation against their opponents, are no accidents. They are part of a theory of the world at large, and of American society in particular, which is embraced by the most intellectual class of the most intellectual part of the United States, with a fervour identical in its character with that of the Puritans from whom they are descended. A more explosive compound can hardly be imagined than an intolerant optimism claiming to be based on transcendental truths, originally evoked by the enjoyment of boundless wealth and prosperity, and conscientiously believing itself to have a divine commission to remedy all the wrongs of the world and to convert society into a garden of Eden. We all know what resulted from somewhat similar pretensions in the case of the Jacobins. What it might be in the hands of a sterner and more determined race, far more tenacious of its opinions and in possession of infinitely greater resources, it is impossible to say. Happily for us, there is, and probably will continue to be, such a thing as the Atlantic Ocean.

As to the consequences to the United States, it would of course be rash to express any very positive opinion. It must, however, be admitted that Parker had formed a surprisingly clear and correct anticipation of the course which, in point of fact, events have taken. His later letters are full of predictions of civil war and the disruption of the Union. He would seem, indeed, to have expected a dissolution of the Union by the North rather than the South, for the Union was not to him the idol that it is to the mass of his countrymen. He considered the two sections of the Union as two distinct nations, bitterly opposed to each other in their sentiments and feelings. He viewed the Fugitive Slave Law (and not perhaps altogether unjustly) as an intolerable outrage on the North; and there appears to be no doubt at all that if a Southern candidate had been elected in Mr. Lincoln's place, and if the Federal Government had been, as usual, open only to Southern influences, Parker, for one, would have been in favour of secession by the North. This fact, in itself, throws great light on the civil war. It is plain enough that the extreme parties on the two sides—the Abolitionists on the one hand, and the Southerners on the other—would long since have torn the Union in half if they had been left to themselves; in fact, no Union would have been possible between them. The great bulk of the nation disliked both; but the Southerners having begun the actual fray, the majority sided, very reluctantly, but slowly and surely, with the Abolitionists, and it appears probable that, for a time at all events, they will have their way, as their Puritanical predecessors had in the seventeenth century. What may be the consequence no human creature can pretend to foretell; but, if we go by experience, it will not be favourable to the ultimate triumph of the Abolitionists and their principles. Parker cared little for experience. In speaking of America, he said, "History is against us, but I think human nature is with us." He was of opinion that, if a civil war did take place, the South would win at first, but the North in the long run, by force of numbers. The following passage from a letter dated in January 1857 is very remarkable, though his anticipation of the part to be taken by the negroes has certainly not been confirmed by the event:—

I used to think this terrible question of freedom or slavery in America would be settled without bloodshed. I believe it now no longer. The South does not seem likely to give way; the termagant has had her rule so long. I think we shall not consent to have democracy turned out of the American house, and allow despotism to sit and occupy therein. If the North and South ever do look horns and push for it, there is no doubt which goes into the ditch. One weighs seventeen millions, the other eleven millions; but besides, the Southern animal is exceedingly weak in the whole hind-quarters, four millions in weight; not strong in the fore-quarters of the same bulk, and stiff only in the neck and head, of which Bully Brooks is a fair sample; while the Northern creature is weak only in the neck and horns, which would become stiff enough in a little time.

In another letter, in 1856, he describes his view of the relations between North and South:—

I don't believe that any permanent union is possible between the North and the South. In ideas, aims, and habits of life there is more unity between the Neapolitans and the Swiss about the Viervaldstatter See than between the North and the South. Now a despotic Government like Austria can unite nations as unlike as the Hungarians and Venetians into one autocracy, for military violence is the stiff iron-rod which holds these different staves together. But in a republic a union must be moral, of principle; or economical, of interest; at any rate internal and automatic. None of these conditions seem likely to last long. Besides, just now there is a fierce hostility between the South and the North; the South hates the North worse than the Lombards hate the *dannati Tedeschi*, worse than the French hated the *Albion perfide* in 1800-15.

These passages together are very memorable. They show clearly that, if the Abolitionists go to all the lengths which are at present proposed, they will be obliged to disavow their own principles, and either to exterminate or to set up a despotism.

In this country it is far easier to see the weakness of such speculations as Parker's than to appreciate their strength and importance. We in England are rich, many of us are highly instructed, and of necessity sceptical. When a man proposes to set all things right out of his own resources, and with no other aid than that of self-evident truths, he excites in us little more than a certain languid curiosity. We take it for granted that his little theory will sooner or later go the way of all such theories—that it will first become obviously wrong, and then be exploded. There is of course a good deal to be said for this way of looking at things, but there is also another side to the question. Whatever may be the value of Parker's peculiar phraseology, and whatever may be the real weakness of some of the principles on which his theories depend, it must never be

forgotten that, if human society is to go on at all, it is perhaps necessary that some sort of phraseology should be found for the purpose of expressing a great part of what Parker believed. His theology, no doubt, was open to much criticism, but it had one merit which belongs to very few theological writings. Whatever else it may have been, it was the genuine result of the reflections of a powerful and perfectly honest mind, vigorously applied to the subject-matter with which it dealt. His sermons have many faults, and much might be said on the whole method which he pursued, and on the specific results at which he arrived; but, whatever he says or leaves unsaid, he does really say something. He does not occupy himself, as so many writers on such topics do, with the task of devising reasons for not saying what he thinks, and for not thinking what he believes to be true. This is an inexpressible satisfaction. It is always a virtue in a man to speak out; but simple as such a virtue may seem, it is exercised by an incredibly small number of persons; and it is a most curious and important truth that it appears to be almost, if not quite, as rare in the United States as in England. Though—or perhaps because—he was a representative man, Parker was intensely unpopular. For a long time he was, as he says himself, one of the most unpopular men in America. He was unpopular because he put the unconscious and half-formed convictions and tendencies of his age and country into a broad theoretical shape, and, according to the usual practice in such cases, they recoiled before the plain statement of their own tendencies. Parker was excommunicated by his denomination, and was forced to set up a private congregation of his own. Many of the opinions which he held would no doubt have been illegal in the Church of England, or in any other Church. In holding others almost equally unpopular he would probably have been protected by the law, and this fact throws a curious light on the way in which the voluntary and the Establishment systems favour freedom of thought upon religious subjects. Inquiry in general is probably more active under a system like our own. Ordinary men who have not the energy to set up a new sect, nor the tastes and powers which enable a man to form a congregation, are probably more disposed to inquire if they are members of an Established Church whose doctrines are ascertained and enforced by law, than they would be if they were ministers of a voluntary sect whose dominant opinion for the time being is their only rule; and as the existence of an Established Church does not prevent people from setting up new sects, it does not hamper exceptional men like Theodore Parker.

The state of religion in America, and the effects of the state of society there on both religion and theology, form a most curious subject of inquiry. Theodore Parker's life affords an important contribution towards such an inquiry, but it could not be successfully prosecuted without an intimate acquaintance with American society and literature. Any one who possesses that knowledge might do a great public service by thoroughly examining the subject.

WINE.*

TWO useful and valuable treatises on wine have recently appeared, both being the productions of authors already known by their writings on the subject. Mr. Shaw has for many years advocated an alteration of the wine duties, and Mr. Denman has published a successful little treatise called *A Brief Discourse on Wine*. The quantity of information that may be given about wine is very great, for there is a most ample supply of wine over a large portion of the earth's surface, and it is a laborious and intricate inquiry to ascertain the names and parentage and qualities of anything like a complete list. Mr. Denman has given succinctly and clearly a description of the various kinds to be found, and has added some interesting observations on the possibility and probability of a large increase to the list of wines really fancied in England. Wine, too, has a curious history, and antiquarians can find fertile subjects of dispute when they attempt to settle the date and manner in which different wines came into general use. Both writers do justice to this part of the subject, though perhaps Mr. Denman is the more learned. On the other hand, Mr. Shaw has more practical information to offer, and suggests how wine should be chosen and treated, how it should be kept in the cellar, and how and when it should be decanted. The parts of the two treatises which refer to wines in ordinary use in England will have most interest for the generality of readers, although the value of both is much increased by the large range of those brought under notice. A standard work on this subject ought to tell us the origin and character of wines that we can only expect to see once or twice in our lives, as well as those of the common sorts. But it is as a book of reference that it will be used when we are anxious to learn something of the wines of Greece, Australia, or Persia. The best thing a writer on wine can do for us is to tell us something we did not know before, or to bring before us the leading facts, respecting such wines as port, sherry, claret, and champagne. These are the wines we are always coming across, and which it concerns us most to study.

Port, Mr. Denman tells us, on its first introduction here, was a much lighter wine than it afterwards became; neither was it at the outset the growth of the Douro, nor even shipped at Oporto. But the Methuen Treaty, by giving Portugal an advantage over

other countries amounting to 24l. a pipe, forced the English to take to Portuguese wine; and Portuguese wine was most easily shipped, we presume, from Oporto. Gradually more and more brandy was added, and in 1754 the agents in Portugal asserted that the English merchants knew that the best wines of the Factory had become excellent; but they wished it to exceed the limits which nature had assigned to it, and that when drunk it should feel like liquid fire in the stomach, that it should burn like enflamed gunpowder, that it should have the tint of ink, that it should be like the sugar of Brazil in sweetness, and like the spices of India in aromatic flavour. "At any rate, it is now a maxim with all port-growers that brandy must be added in considerable quantities; and not only is the quality much improved by the infusion, but the wine will not keep any length of time without it, and the best and strongest natural wines require the greatest amount of extraneous spirit (about 20 per cent.) to keep them in a sound and improving condition." Even those, however, who have had the longest experience feel little confidence in their opinions about port, and still less in the opinions of other people. Mr. Shaw, for example, does not believe in the vintage of 1820, whereas to worship the little that remains of that vintage may be said to be the fundamental doctrine of port-drinkers. He even goes further, and thinks the vintage of 1820 did positive harm, for it was singularly saccharine, and generated a pernicious preference for sweet port. As Mr. Shaw does not believe in the 1820, it is as well to know what he does believe in. "The most perfect vintage that I recollect," he says, "was the 1827, about which there was nothing peculiar, or what is called striking. The wine was evidently from well—not over—ripened grapes; and there was in it a fine firm fullness, with sufficient richness, but no hard stalkiness or dryness; so that it was certain to go on improving. This kind has also the advantage that it does not require absurdly long keeping in bottle." And Mr. Shaw goes on to offer some remarks on old port which are very heterodox, though well worth considering. He thinks that if a good vintage had less brandy given it than usual, were kept two years longer in Portugal, were then shipped to London, and bottled in three months, it would be fit to drink in two years.

Mr. Denman gives a long list of the wines of Spain, and it is certain that when fresh channels of communication with the interior are opened, the quantity and variety of Spanish wines will be beyond all comparison greater than now. Sherry grows in a very small part of Spain, and it is only in the southern districts of St. Lucar and Xeres in Seville, and at Montilla in the adjoining province of Cordova, that it is produced. About six gallons of spirits, we learn from Mr. Shaw, are put into a butt of sherry after fermentation, and generally about four gallons more previously to its being shipped. Sherry is quite pale at first. The very dark brown is made in the following manner:—Twenty or thirty gallons of must—that is, unfermented juice—are put into an earthen vessel and heated until not more than a fifth part remains, when it looks and tastes like treacle. This is turned into a cask containing more must, which causes it to ferment; and the result is a very full luscious wine, which, if originally good, becomes, after many years, invaluable for giving softness, richness, and colour to others. Large quantities of this product, when new, are used to colour and to cover the harsh thinness of poor qualities, and it is for this reason that it is called the Doctor. Hence brown sherry often forms a very considerable crust, and even very old pale which has been racked and shipped perfectly bright and again fined here, will be found to have numerous "fliers" which have shown themselves since the bottling. "If sherry," says Mr. Shaw, "were thoroughly fermented, with little or no spirit added, and if the wines were not coloured by the boiled must, nor worked up with others just before shipment, we should not have all sherries reduced to one heavy, flavourless standard."

With regard to clarets, both our authorities agree in cautioning the consumer against placing too much stress on the value of any particular name, as "the varying influences of season, temperature, and other accidental causes often occasion the less esteemed growths to equal, and sometimes even to surpass, those in greater repute." A remarkable instance of this occurred in the fine vintage of 1815, wherein a fourth growth in rank on the Margaux estate so far exceeded all the others in high character that it became almost priceless. Again, in 1834, Château Margaux proved a failure; but the proprietors of a first-class vineyard seldom lose, and the Château Margaux of 1834 was cried up sufficiently to keep up the sale to the average. The production of real Château Margaux is estimated at 400 hogsheads, and about 4,000 hogsheads are said to be sold under the name. The four kinds of clarets of the first growths, and the real average amount of their production are—Château Lafitte, belonging to Sir Samuel Scott, and producing 560 hogsheads; Château Margaux, belonging to M. Aguado, and producing 400 hogsheads; Château Latour, belonging to MM. de Courturon and de Flers, and producing 320 hogsheads; and Château Haut Brion, belonging to M. Eugène Larrieu, and producing 480 hogsheads. Formerly every Bordeaux house of note that shipped claret to England added large quantities of hermitage, which gave the appearance of body, but at the same time deadened the flavour, and after a few years in bottle the wine became of a brownish hue, hard, and flavourless. Shipments are now much purer, but Mr. Shaw is of opinion that claret will never be appreciated while the fear of a deposit exists. Mr. Shaw further adds that he doubts if it is judicious to keep even

* *Wine; the Vine and the Cellar.* By Thomas George Shaw. London: Longman & Co. 1863.

The Vine and its Fruit. By James L. Denman. London: Longman & Co. 1864.

the fullest-bodied vintage above three years in cask, as three years, with the usual racking, will be sufficient even for the stoutest growth to have deposited its coarse parts. The consumption of Bordeaux wines is greatly increasing, but then the area of the wines brought down to be shipped at Bordeaux, or to be mixed with Bordeaux wines, has been greatly extended by railways. With regard to the names under which the wines are sold, it must be observed that there are three sets of names. First there are names of districts—the Médoc, St. Emilion, the Graves, and the Côtes. Almost all the first growths of wine come from the Médoc. Secondly, there are the names of parishes, as for example, Pauillac, Saint Julien, Saint Estèphe. Léoville and Laroze, for example, are grown in the parish of Saint Julien. Lastly, there are the names of vineyards, such as Château Lafitte, Château Margaux. It is the last set of names alone that really give any distinctness. There is no precise meaning in calling a wine Médoc, or Saint Julien, or Saint Estèphe. But these terms are used to describe wines for which a particular price, and no more, will be given. There is no difference between asking for claret at thirty shillings a dozen, and Saint Julien at thirty shillings a dozen, for any claret at that price may probably be called Saint Julien. It is only when the vineyard is good enough to give its name to a distinct wine that the name indicates, or is supposed to indicate, a particular wine. If, therefore, a wine-merchant offers to sell the Saint Julien wine, called Léoville, and does not supply wine from the Léoville vineyard, he does not sell what he professes to sell; but if he merely offers to sell Saint Julien generally, he simply undertakes to sell a cheap wine, for claret is no better for coming from some part of the whole parish of Saint Julien.

Mr. Shaw gives a very elaborate and interesting account of the production and preparation of Champagne. Until lately, champagnes were made from the grapes of certain vineyards; but now all the wine of the best houses is composed of various growths mixed together. The black grapes form generally about two-thirds, giving strength and body, while the white impart richness, delicacy, and bouquet. The vintage in favourable seasons begins about the middle of September, but it is more often about the 10th October. To produce a hogshead of wine, it is calculated that from 760 to 960 lbs. of grapes are required, and it is only the produce of the three first pressings that is used for wine of a good quality. The wine is drawn off the lees into fresh casks, which are placed above ground, and it remains there until the month of March, when the important operation of bottling begins. If the wine has not enough natural saccharine matter to bring it up to the standard proper for effervescence, sugar-candy is added; if it has too much, the effervescence is diminished by adding old still wine. The bottles are lowered into cold, deep cellars, with a temperature of about 36° Fahrenheit, and yet the wine soon begins to work, and the loss by breakage of bottles is a serious item in the cost of making champagne. In the following October they are removed into another cellar to wait the purchase of the regular buyer of champagne, who deals with it in its after stages. He gets the wine in a thick state, and the first operation he subjects it to is that of placing it in a table so constructed that the mouth is inclined downwards. In a few days the deposit is found on the lower shoulder. Gradually the whole of the deposit is brought, by skilful manipulation, to the bottom of the cork. The bottle is then opened, and a certain quantity of the wine rushes out and carries away the impurity. The quantity in the bottle is reduced, in order to allow the proper amount of liqueur—that is, liquid sugar-candy—to be added. It is the addition of this liqueur—its quality, its amount, its colour, and the quantity of spirit put in it—that gives the special character to the champagne of certain firms. The champagnes intended for cold climates have generally much more liqueur added to them than those intended for hot climates. In itself champagne is almost colourless, and consequently those kinds called amber, partridge-eye, and pink have been coloured. The colour is sometimes produced by an infusion of elderberries; but the more careful operators only admit the colour which is derived from the husks of the grapes having been pressed, and their colour allowed to mix with the juice. Sometimes, however, a champagne, although coloured, has received its colour solely from nature, for in years of great heat the skin and the pellicle (the part by which the grape hangs) become so ripe that they give natural colour to the juice. Mr. Shaw gives it as his opinion that champagne of a first-rate vintage will continue to improve for ten years in bottle; but that, unless it is of such a vintage as '34, '46, '57, '58, '61, or '62, it is best to drink it when two or three years old. Whether Mr. Shaw is right or wrong, he has at any rate the merit of thinking for himself.

THE ANTONINES.*

THE age of the Antonines has but recently attracted the notice it deserves on many accounts. It did not suit Gibbon's plan to give more than a sketch of it, yet, as a letter from him to David Hume shows, he regretted when too late not having allotted more space to this remarkable period in Roman annals. Tillemont is a learned, and generally a faithful, collector of facts, but he deals only with the dry bones of history; while Crevier is as mere a supplementer of the Antonine historians as Freinsheim is of the lost books of Livy and Tacitus. Neither of these learned shepherds "has any philosophy in him." France and Germany have pro-

duced some valuable monographs on this period, but the works of Franke, Hegewisch, and Gregorovius awaken without satisfying our curiosity about Trajan, Hadrian, Pius, and Aurelius.

This defect has been supplied by Mr. Merivale in his seventh volume of *The Romans under the Empire*, and by the Comte de Champagny in the work entitled *Les Antonins*. He has now completed his record of the Cæsars from Julius to Commodus. Of his earlier volumes we have already spoken in this journal. In his present as in his former work, his narrative is generally lively, and always well-informed. He omits nothing from it proper to the illustration of the times of the Cæsars, surveying private as well as public life, education, literature, philosophy, the free and the servile classes of that vast and anomalous empire which, both in its strength and in its weakness, is still unrivalled among "the princes, powers, and dominations" of the world. The least satisfactory chapters of his work are, in our opinion, those in which he treats of the influence of Christianity. For French writers there seems to be no middle course between scepticism and credulity. A century ago, the most credible testimony in religious history was rejected, and the most palpable forgeries were put on a level with the Acts of the Apostles. At the present moment, they seem to accept Eusebius as infallible, and to swallow without a wry face the tale of the "Thundering Legion."

Les Antonins properly commences with the Flavian Cæsars. The foundation of the happiest epoch of the Empire was, indeed, laid by Vespasian. The term *Antonine*, though conventional, and perhaps convenient, is lax and incorrect. Virtually, it is unfair to exclude from it the first Cæsar of the Flavian House; actually, it should extend to Alexander Severus, the last bearer of that honoured name. Vespasian is happily termed by M. de Champagny "a plebeian Augustus." Not a drop of Julian blood—the divine ichor of Aphrodite and Anchises, the *sangre azul* of the Roman patriciate—flowed in the veins of the burgher of Reate. His appearance and his carriage were as homely as his birth was obscure. Nearly every Cæsar of the Julian line was handsome—enough so, at least, to excuse in some measure the flattery which likened Augustus, and even Nero, to Apollo. But Vespasian was nearer to Silenus than to the Sun-god in his features, and his gait and demeanour were those of a battered centurion. Though he salaried its professors, he made no pretence to learning himself. When he addressed the Senate, he spoke to the point, without heed of phrase or graces of action. He did sturdily what Augustus had done skilfully. He trudged across the forum, attended by a single slave or lictor; went to the bath without seeking or obtaining notice; presided at the games as he presided at the tribunal, with decent composure; laughed at a genealogist who handed to him a splendid pedigree; and left to his heirs and executors the pious office of proclaiming him a god. He was the man of the hour notwithstanding. The wasteful days of Nero, and the civil convulsions which followed his death, had sobered the Romans. The great families were bankrupt, either through their own extravagance or through fines and confiscations to the imperial treasury; the legions were weary of internecine strife; the provinces had paid dear for competitors for the throne; and even the people whom Nero had fed and flattered were ashamed of an imperial player and charioteer. The Senate, reduced in numbers and panic-stricken by the sword long suspended over their heads, welcomed recruits from the provincial *noblesse*, and yet more gladly received a sovereign who, if he taxed their purses, was chary of their lives, and neither employed delators nor governed by freedmen. Of all the good—indeed, of all the tolerable—Cæsars, Augustus was the ensample. To reconsolidate the empire, to replenish the treasury, to check extravagance at home, to heal the wounds of war abroad, were Vespasian's care; and that he succeeded in his efforts is proved by his bequeathing to his successor an ample revenue and a contented people.

That his reign was not bloodless, that his hands were not quite clean so far as money was concerned, were perhaps "hard conditions twinned with" his position. The crimes and follies of Nero had created an active opposition in the very seat of empire, and at the very doors of his palace. The Stoic sect was no longer composed of merely speculative men such as take part in Cicero's philosophical Dialogues, but had become a faction of political *doctrinaires* opposed, on abstract principles, to any Cæsar, whether a Nero or an Augustus. The tone of these men towards the ruling powers was as virulent as Cicero's language against Catiline or Antonius. They lauded "Brutus' godlike stroke"; they termed Cassius "last of the Romans." With such persons there was no possible compromise; yet it was Titus rather than Vespasian who signed the doom of Helvidius, and denied mercy to some of the noisiest of these latter-day republicans. As regarded money, it was scarcely possible for Nero's successor not to be taxed with avarice. To meet the public liabilities, Vespasian declared, soon after his accession, that more than two billions of sesterces were needed—needed, too, after the profusion of Nero and the waste of civil war. Rome was an unproductive city, and the burden of taxation fell consequently on the provinces; yet we do not find that they seriously resented the increased taxes—a proof of their admitting the necessity of the moment. Titus, as described by M. de Champagny as an improvement, in outward respects, on Vespasian. He had the advantage of comparative youth, of a frank and genial demeanour, of dignified and courtly manners. With the prudence of his father he combined some of the graces possessed by Augustus. He disappointed the fears, he surpassed the hopes, formed of him on coming to the throne. In the camp he had proved himself a valiant and skilful

* *Les Antonins*. Par Le Comte de Champagny. 3 tomes. Paris: 1863.

commander, and the subjugation of Palestine and the capture of Jerusalem had once more inscribed on the triumphal Fasti an authentic victory. In all civil and private relations he had shown himself loyal and dutiful, while with the people his munificence, standing in marked contrast with his close-fisted sire, rendered Titus extremely popular. Yet while he was a subject he had displayed some of the license of Nero. His connexion with the Jewish princess, Berenice, was odious in Roman eyes; and elder men predicted that in the purple he would prove no better than the bad Julian Cæsars. Even after his acts had manifested a liberal and humane disposition, Titus was distrusted in many quarters. The *quinquennium Neronis*, the fair beginnings of the tyrant's reign, were borne in mind, and it was feared that after a similar calm might come a similar storm. Our author, however, points out several circumstances in favour of Titus. He was not an ill-bred and ill-trained youth of nineteen, but a mature man of thirty-nine, when he succeeded to the purple. He had served an apprenticeship both in the camp and the city. He was beyond the tutorage of a Seneca; he was exempt from the trammels of an Agrippina. The reign of Titus became almost proverbial, at Rome, for its mildness and wholesome activity. Yet, perhaps he and his subjects were alike fortunate in his early death. Want of money—and Titus was squandering the savings of Vespasian—might in a few years more have driven him into the evil track of confiscation, with its train of *delatores*, fears, jealousies, and crimes. It was reserved, not for Titus, but for his brother, to weary Rome and her provinces of the Flavian dynasty.

Building was a Roman, and especially an imperial, passion. It was, M. de Champagny remarks, the virtue of bad rulers and the weakness of good ones. Imagination is, indeed, taxed to conceive the amount of stone, marble, and mortar business always on hand in the capital of the world. Under the commonwealth, a new forum, column, or temple was an ordinary compliment from candidates to electors. Did a noble wish to stand well with his fellow-citizens, he instantly set masons and carpenters to work. Yet, if Augustus could justly boast that he found Rome brick and left it marble, the senatorian grandees would seem to have been "cobblers in respect of fine workmen." And now Nero's fire had consumed no mean portion of the Augustan metropolis, and Nero's palace occupied no inconsiderable portion of the ancient pomerium. Nevertheless the Flavian were as strenuous improvers as the Julian Cæsars, and added to Neronian Rome an amphitheatre, baths, a column, a forum, and a temple, besides pulling down without remorse many of the insane edifices of their predecessors. M. de Champagny suggests that they were eager to remove from Roman eyes the traces of Julian magnificence, for the populace were fickle, and Nero had still friends among the dissolute and disappointed. We suspect there was another cause for this architectural epidemic. Rome, like Paris, and all great cities indeed at the present hour, had its dangerous classes—the proletary mass, the libertine class, the scum of foreign towns, the innumerable bands of slaves, gladiators, and masterless men—before whom the despot who had the Senate under his footstool quailed. To feed and amuse this multitude—more terrible, unamused and unfed, than the Parthian or the Cheruscan—was among the first of imperial cares. May not the universal passion for building have concealed a politic desire for creating labour in a city where to be engaged in commerce or manufactures was deemed unworthy of a freeman? Our supposition derives some colour from the fact, observed by M. de Champagny, that whereas Nero built for his own convenience or glory, Vespasian and Titus built for the benefit of the people or the grandeur of the capital. The Golden House was an enormous temple for a god as bestial as any Egyptian deity; but the Baths of Titus and the Flavian amphitheatre ministered to the comfort and the pleasures of the citizens; while the column of Titus was an ornament to Rome. The city, with the everlasting din of workmen, and the pulling down and putting up of masonry, must have been one of the most noisy and dusty places on earth.

The literary activity of the Flavian era next attracts our author's attention. He draws a parallel between the diminutive saloons that boasted of Racine and Boileau among their lions, and the vast halls and lecture-rooms in which Statius recited his *Agave* or *Thebaid*. The fashion of recitation was a poor substitute for the eloquence of the Forum, yet it was congenial to the publicity of ancient life. When books circulated in manuscript only, and the art of reviewing was still in the womb of time, to read a work to an audience was at once the readiest way of publishing and puffing it. Whatever might be said of its author behind his back, he was pretty sure of applause to his face; and, indeed, to hiss him or "cut him up" would have been a scurvy return for his expenses in hiring the lecture-room, and adorning himself with a becoming toga, rings, often a wig, and other expensive articles necessary for effect. The comparative sobriety of the Flavian era is conspicuous in its literature. Statius and Valerius Flaccus clothe their thoughts in far less stately and sounding phrases than Lucan. Their genius was inferior to his, but their verses afford greater pleasure; and Statius, when he lays aside his extravagant compliments to Domitian, and stoops to humbler but worthier matters, is a poet deserving his contemporary fame. In Martial, the Flavian times had their Horace. He, too, under a kindly and judicious patron like Augustus, might have produced, for he was capable of doing so, far better verses than any he has bequeathed to us. But Martial was poor, and Domitian was a stingy Mæcenas; and all the poet's gross adulation extracted from him at most a few denarii, but no Sabine farm. The names

of writers whose works are entirely lost are cited by M. de Champagny as a proof of the literary energy of the time. With few good qualities, Domitian possessed this one at least—he did not, like Tiberius, scare literary men into silence, nor, as Nero did, mark a brother verse-maker as an enemy to be got rid of on the first convenient opportunity. Juvenal—who has little to say in any one's favour, especially in favour of a Cæsar—is supposed to pay a passing compliment to the third Flavian emperor as an encourager of learned men.

Of the sullen and arbitrary character of Domitian there can be no doubt; yet we may fairly question whether his vices were seriously prejudicial to the empire generally, however hurtful and oppressive they may have been to its capital. He was partly a Nero, and partly a Tiberius—as profligate, though not so indecorous, as the one; as timid, but not so deliberately cruel, as the other. He was at once the slave of system and the slave of caprice. He was a formalist, anxious to make the maxims of the commonwealth square with the usages of the empire. He was an impulsive despot, incapable of curbing his whims, though the effect of them was fatal to those around him, and finally to himself. Yet the vigour manifested by Rome and the provinces so soon as the pressure of Domitian's hand was removed renders it probable that his crimes affected the few rather than the many. The fervid exultation exhibited in the capital and in some of the provinces at his death was a party feeling more than general abhorrence. Men rejoiced at the destruction of a mean, cowardly, and suspicious man, rather than for the death of one whose rule imperilled the State. The moment the aged valetudinarian Nerva sustained himself by the stout prop of Trajan, all things stood firmly and moved smoothly. M. de Champagny is somewhat economical of his praise to this emperor, and strongly prejudiced against his successor. The part taken by Trajan in his policy towards the Christians offends him; the versatile character of Hadrian pleases him still less. He takes for granted a matter at best very dubious—that Trajan took an overt part in the execution of Ignatius. He dwells upon Hadrian's vices, and understates the vigilance and energy with which he conducted the administration of his empire. He writes, in fact, in these chapters of his work, in the spirit of a Christian apologist, and occasionally dips his pen in the gall of Tertullian's inkstand.

Trajan, emulating in peace the civil demeanour of Augustus, departed widely from the maxims which regulated his foreign policy. Trajan enlarged the already unwieldy empire, and led the Roman eagles to barren conquests east of the Euphrates. His successor, indeed, abandoned these equivocal acquisitions, and his prudence in so doing is generally commended. It does not, however, follow that Trajan was actuated merely by vulgar ambition. It is among the consequences of an extensive frontier that universal peace is almost, if not quite, an impossibility. Every great country must have its little, if not its great wars, and the closing of the Temple of Janus is a politic or a courtly fiction. The *Pax Romana*, the fertile theme of poets and panegyrists under the empire, must be interpreted with some reservation. It was possible to avoid collision on a grand scale with Parthia; equally so to prevent a confederation of the Germans and Sarmatians by sowing jealousy among their chiefs, and by a dexterous application of subsidies and pensions. But occasionally the barbarians, as they are termed, came within the pale of civilization, and from that moment were seriously formidable to Rome. Dacia—from the strength, the wealth, and extent of the land, and also from the ability of its rulers—would, unmolested, have grown in another half century into a rival before which a Cæsar might have quailed, and in comparison with which the Parthian was an inconsiderable opponent. We hold, therefore, that Trajan consulted for his own and his successor's interests when he subdued the realm and curbed the pride of Decebalus. His invasion of Parthia savours more of the lust of appropriation. Yet we are imperfectly acquainted with the motives which led him into the track of Alexander, and may admit that a soldier and a statesman who was at no other moment of his career deficient in prudence may have had good reasons for plunging into lands hitherto fatal to Roman arms. That he met with no reverses such as had disgraced Crassus and M. Antonius is at least a proof that his campaigns were as wisely planned as they were strenuously conducted.

The faculty of organization was given in large measure to Hadrian, and to this more than to envy of his benefactor and predecessor may, we think, be ascribed his abandonment of the provinces beyond the Euphrates. Hadrian, in fact, performed in person what Augustus had done by the aid of his prefects and proconsuls. He gathered by his own observation a *Rationarium Imperii*—a complete survey and account-book of the components, the conditions, the wants, and the resources of the Roman empire. It cannot be supposed that so shrewd and laborious an observer trusted to memory alone the political, statistical, and social phenomena with which the wide orbit of his travels supplied him. Hadrian's note-books would form a register for which we would gladly surrender two-thirds of the contemporary Pagan or Christian literature which has come down to us. The letter in which he describes the people of Alexandria vouches for his having been a close and humorous observer of cities and men.

Of Antoninus Pius M. de Champagny has given an admirable sketch, as full as the scanty materials for it allow of. This excellent emperor stands in sharp contrast to the restless Hadrian. Choice or policy kept him at home, his longest journeys after his reception of the purple being from the capital to his country-houses in Latium. Nor is this without its significance.

Trajan and Hadrian, veterans in the camp, found Rome an uneasy residence. Neither the civil demeanour of the one nor the versatile genius of the other reconciled its owner to the restraints imposed on them by contact with the nobles. The empire, indeed, had outgrown its capital, and the seat of republican traditions did not comport well with the expansive instincts of the time. Neither were the nobles altogether at their ease with Cæsar in the Palatine House. Some of them recollected the days in which Domitian signed death-warrants by dozens in his Alban villa; all had heard, and many had read in the then recent and un-mutilated books of Tacitus, of the dark tyrant in Caprene. Yet Pius seems to have awakened neither jealousy nor alarm. In him even the Senate acknowledged a *princeps* endowed with the virtues of Catulus, and actuated by the moderation of a Fabricius and Fabius Maximus. Freedom itself—had the Roman world been worthy of it—would have been dearly bought had its price been the life of the mild, liberal, and affable Antoninus.

His successor was of sterner mould, and had rougher work cut out for him. The reign of Aurelius indeed, if its close and sequel be taken into account, may be said to realize some of those scenes in the great drama of the Apocalypse wherein the vials of wrath are emptied upon the earth. His throne he bequeathed to a brutal youth whom birth made a ruler of men, but whom nature marked out for a gladiator. A pestilence that baffled the medical science of the age touched the very sinews of the empire; war on the frontiers assumed proportions at least as formidable as the dangers which Marius or the first Cæsar had encountered; while rebellion raised its head in more than one province of the empire. The memoranda which Aurelius kept of his daily meditations is a record of sorrow, tempered indeed by philosophy and the fortitude of a noble nature, yet not the less impressed with the hue of dread forebodings. Rarely has the world beheld a more august and uninterrupted spectacle of trial than is contained in the diary of Antoninus. M. de Champagny has, in our opinion, meted but scanty justice to the imperial philosopher.

We can strongly recommend the work of which we have given unavoidably an imperfect sketch. We have pointed out its principal defect—a disposition to weigh declining Paganism in the scales and by the weights of modern Christianity. Did our space permit, we could show cause why the Cæsars and the philosophers of Rome did not regard the rising creed with all the favour demanded for it by M. de Champagny.

HARD CASH.*

WE are indebted to Mr. Charles Reade for the disclosure of his own theory of what is required to make a work of fiction go down with the public. The secret of success is not to be found, as seems too commonly to be taken for granted nowadays, in the ingredient of sensation. He can afford to fling back with scorn the ordinary "easy cant about sensation novelists." "That slang term is not quite accurate as applied to me." In the horrors, bodily and mental, which make up the largest and most telling portions of his story, there is a deeper and graver purpose than that of merely pandering to a thirst for amusement, or glutting a morbid taste for the ghastly and the horrible. These details are more than mere pictures drawn from the imagination to astonish or to divert. They have a further and earnest purpose beyond. The weapons of the novelist's fence are more pointed than the muffled foils which make harmless play for the languid spectator. They are deadly weapons, aimed in passionate earnest against definite and tangible adversaries. He has got hold of what he conscientiously believes to be a real and frightful social wrong, and the veil of romance under which he advances to the attack is but a plausible mask the better to carry into effect his policy of exposure and extermination. This is not the first time that Mr. Reade has turned his powers of fiction to the rectification of what struck him as social abuses; and it may be that, in the present instance, his voice will be as potent in directing the mind of the public towards inquiry and possible reform as when, in *Never too Late to Mend*, he denounced the excesses and perversions of the established system of prison discipline. To be effectual, an attempt of this kind must not be stunted in what appeals to the imagination. "Without sensation," he admits, "there can be no interest." But his plan is to "mix a little character and a little philosophy with the sensational element." Like the *Cloister and the Hearth*, then, *Hard Cash* is "a matter-of-fact romance"—that is, "a fiction built on truths"; and these truths have been gathered "by long, severe, systematic labour, from a multitude of volumes, pamphlets, journals, reports, blue-books, manuscript narratives, letters, and living people," whom he has sought out, examined, and cross-examined, to get at the fact on each main topic which he has striven to handle. In one respect, at all events, this last publication is obviously destined to eclipse its predecessor. Historically accurate and "matter-of-fact" as the details of the ancestry of Erasmus may be assumed to have been, they were too remote, both in time and circumstance, to enlist in any appreciable degree the sympathies and the interest of the ordinary British reader. So far, in fact, from adding to its value, the facts were felt to be a dead weight upon the interest of the story. It was like the revolution which has taken place in the logical

value of miracles. Instead of the miracles proving the doctrines, it has come round, even with theologians, to accepting the miracles on the faith of the doctrines themselves. In the case of *Hard Cash*, on the contrary, the veracity of the facts will be seen to form the real turning-point of interest. Nor is it difficult to anticipate the controversy which is likely to ensue if the professions that Mr. Reade has so audaciously challenged choose to rise in wrath against him. The forecasts of such a storm have, to a certain extent, been already verified. And it is best, perhaps, that the function of sifting the particular asseverations of the writer, and meeting his attacks upon specific bodies of men, should be left to those who are most competent to take care of themselves, and most deeply interested in casting off a stigma injurious to their class.

Mr. Reade's attack is directed, on the whole, against three classes of antagonists. The lighter shafts of his banter are aimed at the supposed ignorance, superstition, and presumption of the medical practitioner in general, whether the ordinary family apothecary or the more fashionable and orthodox luminary of the College. A more serious onslaught, in the second place, is made upon the system of checks and delays by which justice is retarded in the Law Courts. But his fiercest hostility is declared against the class of private lunatic asylums—the horrors which thrill the nerves and curdle the blood in the pages of his fiction being, he pledges himself, capable of indisputable proof from materials in his possession. As regards the first and simplest of these charges, it is certainly not easy to recognise, in the portraiture given by Mr. Reade, anything like the style of treatment or type of character which are to be found at the present time even in the most Boetian recesses of the land, however true the picture may have been to the experience of a bygone generation. In a novel of contemporary life such sketches as Mr. Reade's must be regarded, for the most part, as caricatures. His medical scapegoats will be, indeed, to most readers, hardly less astonishing than his model reformer of the profession, Dr. Sampson, by his own modest announcement, "th' Author an' Invintor of th' great Chronothairmal Therey o' Medicine, th' Unity Periodicity an' Remittency of all disease." When we meet, not merely with a village practitioner, but a "Court physician," who, in a case of simple love-derangement, doses a young lady with "blue-pill and black-draught," "blue-pill and Seidlitz-powder"—the prescriptions being kindly given *verbatim* by Mr. Reade, who likes to call a spade a spade, for the benefit of "young virgins afflicted like Julia Dodd"—we shall be the better prepared to appreciate the improved style of genius which vents its ideas, to the author's satisfaction, in a rhapsody like the following:—

Nlissmee! A human Bean is in a constant state of flux and reflux; his component particles move, change, disappear, and are renewed; his life is a round of exhaustion and repair. Of this repair the brain is the sovereign agent by night and day; and the blood the great living material; and digestible food th' indispensable supply. And this balance of exhaustion and repair is too nice to tamper with; disn't a single sleepless night, or dinnerless day, write some pallor on the face, and tell against the buddy? So does a single excessive perspiration, a trifling diary, or a cut finger, though it takes but half an ounce of blood out of the system. And what is the cause of that rare ivint—it occurs only to pashints that can't afford docking—Dith from old age? Think ye the man really succumbs under years, or is snowed down by Time? Nay, yon's just Potry an Bosh. Nashins have been thinned by the lancet, but niver by the scythe; and years are not forces, but mixtures of events. No, Centenarius decays and dies, becase his bodil' expiditure goes on, and his bodil' income lessens by failure of the reparative and reproductive forces. And now suppose bodil' exhaustion and repair were a mere matter of pecuniary, instead of vital, economy; what would you say to the steward, or housekeeper, who, to balance your accounts and keep you solvent, should open every known channel of expinse with one hand, and with the other—stop the supplies? Yet this is how the Dockers for thirty centuries have burned th' human candle at both ends, yet wondered the light of life expired under their hands.

In those portions of his work which are not immediately connected with the polemical purpose of the story, Mr. Reade shows a command of the legitimate resources of art such as no novelist of our day can claim to have surpassed. There is a freshness and reality about his young people, and a degree of warmth and zest in the love-making of these "Impetuosities," which makes the first chapters of the book most enjoyable reading. The description of the boat-race at Henley is beyond anything of the kind we have seen in print, and the repulse of the two pirates by the old *Agra* is a perfect masterpiece of nautical painting. It is where his striking powers of pure fiction are subordinated to a purpose of an ulterior kind that we become conscious of disappointment, and detect the presence of false art. The charm of character is lost in the intricacy of the plot. The hero, Alfred Hardie, Ireland Scholar, destined first classman at Oxford, stroke of the University eight, is inveigled on the morning of his intended marriage into a private madhouse, by the arts of his father, a banker, who, threatened with ruin, counts as a last means of escape on his son's patrimony, which he has, in fact, already partly embezzled in his capacity of trustee. The name of a half-idiotic brother, Thomas, is cleverly inserted instead of that of Richard Hardie himself in the certificate authorizing the arrest. The sufferings of the perfectly sane and agonized prisoner are told with a minutely graphic power which makes them actually repulsive. The details, in fact, are likely to be thought so needlessly coarse and overdone as even to raise a feeling of reaction in the reader's mind. They seem far too horrible for the genuine purposes of fiction, while they may yet be thought particular and powerful enough to form fair ground for a more judicial inquiry. Either the writer has made an undue use of his imaginative powers in his description

* *Hard Cash*. By Charles Reade. 3 vols. Sampson Low, Son, & Marston. 1863.

of the implements of torture—the cold *douche*, the “kneading” of the patient’s chest and fracture of his front teeth by powerful keepers’ knees, the narcotic and drastic drugs, the “rotatory chair in which they spin a maniac,” and the whole bed full of handcuffs, shackles, and similar appliances which are carefully put out of sight of the visiting justices—or he ought to do much more than he has done. If he has grounds for his representations of the imbecility and carelessness of the last-named authorities, the formal delays of the Commissioners, and the interception of the inmates’ correspondence and complaints, he is bound to substantiate these very grave accusations by proofs satisfactory to the public. Otherwise he is not justified in thus stigmatising an entire class of professional men, and harrowing the feelings of families by the suggestion of what may be the fate of beloved victims hidden behind those mysterious doors. It is only owing to Drayton House being at length burnt down through the act of a half-witted inmate that Alfred regains his liberty, and eventually recovers 3,000*l.* damages from the uncle through whose weak connivance he was incarcerated. The agonies, physical and mental, of the lovers during these months of separation and mutual suspicion, furnish materials of which no one knows better than Mr. Reade how to avail himself. Nor is Mr. Reade without private notions of his own as to the true diagnosis of mental disease and its appropriate remedy, as shown in the wondrous *dénouement* of the story. The actual *Hard Cash* consists of 14,000*l.*, the life’s savings which Captain Dodd is bringing home to his wife and daughter in bills and notes. Awful sea-risks are happily surmounted by the way. One pirate schooner is run bodily down by the *Agra*, and a second beaten off—the pocket-book in which the “cash” is always kept sewed to his flannel shirt stopping a bullet in its way to the Captain’s heart. Washed overboard in a storm, it is actually picked up again, after scudding for some time before the wind, floating among a lot of wreck by means of a bladder which had been tied to it for security. The adventures of Sindbad himself pale by the side of marvels of fortunate seamanship like this. The *Agra* at length being dashed to pieces on the French coast, Dodd disposes of two armed assassins who have been tempted by the sight of his treasure, and triumphantly deposits it in Hardie’s bank at Barkington. In another minute he rushes back, having heard that the bank is on the brink of ruin, has a struggle with the fraudulent banker who refuses to restore the deposit, and loses his reason by a fit of apoplexy. Dodd, too, escapes with Alfred from the fire at Drayton House, by the help of his son Edward, who, on the ruin of his family by Hardie’s fraud, has turned fireman. Dodd next gets on board a frigate, as “Silly Billy Thompson,” forgetting his own name and history, but none the less competent to the whole duties of an able-bodied seaman. Jumping overboard after a youngster, he is picked up in an unconscious state, and the burial service has been half read over his shotted remains when a suspicion in the mind of the Captain (his brother-in-law, as it happens) causes the body to be hauled on board again. Dodd is found to be cataleptic, not drowned; and after a day or two of active treatment he starts up alive and sane, recovers his memory, returns home to regain his wife and property, including the 14,000*l.*, and to be blessed with an additional child. So efficacious an instance of recovery by cold-water treatment might almost reconcile Mr. Reade to the use of the *douche*, against which he inveighs so fiercely as a common instrument of torture in private madhouses.

Greatly as we are relieved at the summary restoration of the father and the unalloyed bliss of the lovers, we may be pardoned a little impatience with the labyrinth of horrors through which we have been led into the daylight; and it is difficult to repress a misgiving as to the fairness of the author in accumulating into a single episode a number of instances of abuse which may possibly have occurred singly here or there, but which are scarcely conceivable, or indeed mutually compatible, in the person of an individual patient. Moreover, even if we concede the truth of the several details which he has accumulated as proving the habitual ill-treatment of the insane, why should he ignore the fact that the worst of the specific instances in question—the death of an aged lunatic in the cold shower-bath, and the “tanking” and scrubbing of pregnant women in a flagged yard—were proved to have taken place, not in any private asylum, but in one of those public institutions which he advocates as affording superior security against illegal imprisonment or cruelty of treatment? Equally little to the purpose is his reflection upon the delays thrown in the way of release by official visitors and commissioners, and upon the manner in which complaints are disposed of by the ready “formula” of doctors and attendants in the presence of inspectors. Are we to have a further series of officials to look after the efficiency of the first set? *Quis custodiet ipsos custodes?* Mr. Reade would assuredly do better to hint at some more effectual check upon existing abuses than inveigh loosely against shortcomings which are rather inherent in human nature than characteristic of a system. He is, we are sure, as sincere in his persuasion of the justice of his cause as he is eloquent and skilful in stating his case to the best advantage. Still it would have greatly modified our doubts as to the relevancy of his facts, as well as have enhanced our enjoyment of the other parts of his story, if he had more seriously set himself to draw the line where the matter-of-fact ends and the romancer’s art begins.

ALFORD’S QUEEN’S ENGLISH.*

DEAN ALFORD has collected his various papers on “Speaking and Spelling” into the form of a little book. We are not sure that they are quite so effective in this shape as in that in which they first appeared. The Dean has worked in so many little bits of controversy arising out of his original papers, so many hints from correspondents and so many answers to those hints, as to give the whole a disjointed and piebald look, which is all very well in a series of magazine-papers, but which does not seem quite the thing in a book which has its own title-page and its own cover. It is rather queer to find an author, in the middle of his text, answering the criticisms of the *Nonconformist* newspaper “on these Notes”—that is, on the book itself—and then, in Note A. at the end, to find yet again another answer to the *Nonconformist*’s rejoinder. It is again rather queer, though so pleasant in itself that we half forget the queerness, to read that Dean Alford and Mr. Moon, after so many hard words, have quite made it up, that the Dean now regards Mr. Moon as his friend, and has received him as a guest at the Deanery. All this is fully in place in a series of lectures, possibly in place in a series of magazine-papers, but it has an odd effect in a book. For Dean Alford has quite done away with the form of lectures or magazine-papers. *The Queen’s English* has become a distinct book, with an unbroken text from beginning to end, and with no external hint that it ever was anything else: The Dean will doubtless think the comparison an odd one, but the *Queen’s English* has somehow put us in mind of *Don Juan*. Some critic or other aptly described *Don Juan* as “a poem about itself.” And so the *Queen’s English* is, in some sort, an essay about itself. The subject of the book is certainly not only “the Queen’s English” in the sense of the English language, but “the Queen’s English” in the sense of Dean Alford’s writings about the English language. Surely this is a mistake in point of art. Some at least of the volumes of Archbishop Trench were originally lectures, and retain, greatly to their advantage, the simple form of lectures; but either Archbishop Trench’s lectures produced no controversy, or their author did not think it right to drag such controversy into his printed text. Dean Alford must not think that we object to his giving us the hints of his critics and correspondents, and his answers to them. On this sort of subject it is good to see how one’s remarks touch various classes of minds, to answer *bona fide* questions, and to expose mere cavils. But surely some other form might have been found for this than talking in the text of a book about the critics who have written about the book itself.

Among those critics we do not find ourselves mentioned. Yet from the very beginning we had reason to believe that our labours were not wholly unknown to Dean Alford, and we gave him, it may be four months ago, what we venture to think were some very useful hints. The Dean was attacked by Mr. Moon for quarrelling with people who said *Aristóbulos*, while he himself, like the rest of the world, said *Alexándria* and *Samária*. All that Dean Alford could say in answer was “Usage.” And “usage” undoubtedly is the proper answer. But “usage,” thus nakedly pleaded, would seem to imply an arbitrary and capricious usage, one which we would gladly break through, if we dared. We tried to show that the usage by which we do not say *Aristóbulos*, but do say *Samária*, was not an arbitrary usage, but one resting on a consistent principle. The Dean implies that in saying *Samária* and *Philadelpia* we depart from the ancient Greek pronunciation. We gave our reasons for thinking that they never were called anything else. The rule we laid down was that, in modern English pronunciation, the older Greek names, what we may call pure Hellenic names, are sounded by quantity, and the later Greek names, Macedonian or Byzantine rather than Hellenic, are sounded by accent. That so it should be is not very wonderful. We must not forget that the accentual pronunciation was that which the revivers of Greek learning brought with them from Constantinople, while the quantitative pronunciation was merely a theory of Western scholars devised a century later. Their theory might be right or wrong, but it was merely a theory deduced from books, and which had to displace an existing and living pronunciation. In the purely classical words, known chiefly from books, it succeeded in displacing it; but in the more modern words, mainly ecclesiastical or Byzantine words—more commonly on the tongue and less known from books—the old pronunciation was retained. Scholars succeeded in persuading men to call *Ἀριστόβουλος* *Aristóbulos*; they did not succeed in persuading men to call *Φιλαδέλφεια* *Philadelpia* or to talk of the Emperor *Ηρακλέους* or the Church of *Σόφια*. Surely here we get an intelligible rule, even though there may be some exceptions. Thus *Λαοδικεία* is universally called *Laodicea*, and people seem uncertain how to call *Ἀρράβια* and *Σελεύκεια*. In the last word the difficulty is increased by our barbarous fashion of sounding the *κ*. When the sound to be aimed at is *Seleúkia* (or at any rate *Seleúkia*) nothing is gained by saying *Selodshia* rather than *Selusia*. We see that Dean Alford says, “*Seleucia* is now called *Seleucia*,” but we know not what sound is intended by the letters “*Seleucia*.” The Dean reminds us of Bishop Monk, who, in his *Life of Bentley*, had to record the fact that some people at Cambridge, even as late as Bentley’s time, read Greek by accent. The fact is one well worth noting, but the only reflexion which it suggested to Bishop Monk was that, if so, they must have made a great many false quantities. That Greek, as a living tongue, is universally spoken by accent, and that there is every

* *The Queen’s English; Stray Notes on Speaking and Spelling.* By Henry Alford, D.D., Dean of Canterbury. London: Strahan & Co. 1864.

reason to believe that it has been so spoken for at least two thousand years, are facts which seem beyond the comprehension both of Bishop Monk and of Dean Alford. We pointed out that the pronunciation of "Epsilon" and "Omicron," of which the Dean complains, was simply an isolated case of the retention of the older usage. But all that the Dean still has to say is that "the right pronunciation 'Epsilon' and 'Omicron' is now universal." That the Dean's "right pronunciation" of 'Ε φλόγ and 'Ο μικρόν would seem passing strange to Trikoupiēs or Paparrhégopoulos, we need not go about to prove. What will he say if we add that we are strongly inclined to believe that it would have sounded equally strange to Josephus, and even to Polybius?

In fact, there is a point at which mere scholarship breaks down. A man cannot write safely about any language on the strength of being familiar with one stage only of its progress. The mere scholar knows the usages of a language at some time which is assumed—often quite arbitrarily—to be its most perfect period. We have known a very elegant classical scholar, and a very accurate one too within his own beat, avow that he had never read Polybius because it was "bad Greek"! It would be just as reasonable to call Plato "bad Greek" because it is not the Greek of Homer, to call Macaulay "bad English" because it is not the English of Sir John Maundeville, or to call Sir John Maundeville "bad English" because it is not the English of Alfred. The mere Greek scholar sins by stopping his researches too soon; the mere English scholar sins by not beginning them soon enough. The true philologist—we think it was Queen Christina who said it—knows both whence words come and whither they go. It is plain that Dean Alford has no clear notion whither Greek words go or whence English words come. He very properly censures the new-fashioned—chiefly American—affectation of writing "neighbor" for "neighbour." But his reason is an odd one:—

This has come from the German "*nachbar*;" and it is therefore urged, that an exception should be made in its case to the ending with *our*, and it should be written "*neighbour*." I am afraid the answer must be, that English custom has ruled the practice another way, and has decided the matter for us. We do not follow rule in spelling the other words, but custom.

Now we before pointed out the absurdity of talking of a modern English form "coming from" a modern German form, and added that "neighbour" really comes nearer to the Old-English spelling *neahbūr*, or in the fuller form *neahgebur*. The Dean takes no notice of us, but leaves his text as it stood, and gets into a worse muddle in a note by running after a Will-of-the-wisp from Denmark:—

It appears that the derivation of *neighbour* from the German *nachbar* is questioned. I have had a letter from a Danish correspondent, who charges me with error in stating this as its derivation, and believes it to come from the Danish, or rather Norse, *nabo*, compounded from the words *na*, near, and *bo*, to live or dwell. I observe, moreover, that the dictionaries derive it from the Anglo-Saxon "*neahgebur*": in which case the *n* has more right in the word than the *o*.

It is always funny to see a man stumble on the truth by mistake. To Dean Alford it is evident that modern High-German, modern Danish, and "Anglo-Saxon" are three co-ordinate tongues from any one of which a modern English word may be "derived" with equal probability. A true philologist will see the absurdity of "deriving" a modern English form either from modern German or from modern Danish, and will even hesitate to speak of such a word being "derived" from its own more ancient English form. But what will become of Dean Alford's "*nachbar*" and "*nabo*," if we help him to the Old High German "*nahgipura*, finitimi" (Schilter, *Glossarium Teutonicum*, p. 623), and to the modern Dutch "*Nabuer*"?

Though we have thus chosen to fight out our own special battle with Dean Alford, we trust that no one will think that we do otherwise than welcome his writings, in whatever form, as very useful aids against the common enemy. Dean Alford helps to disseminate in a popular shape so much that we have often thought and said for ourselves that we should be ungrateful and inconsistent if we did otherwise. We could perhaps have wished that the part relating to the construction of sentences had been somewhat shortened, and that that which deals with the use of particular words had been somewhat extended. Dean Alford shows up several of our enemies very satisfactorily, but he lets others go. Now this is a case in which we should take a leaf out of Bishop Bonner's book and "spare none." Has the Dean nothing to say about "decimate" and "inaugurate" and "ovation," nothing about "questions" and "complications," nothing about "chronic" disturbances and "agrarian" outrages? The "inaugurations" especially puzzle us. Sometimes, to "inaugurate" seems to mean simply to "begin," as when a General "inaugurates" a battle or an Emperor "inaugurates" an epoch. At other times it seems to mean to "uncover"; a statue is said to be "inaugurated," when the veil is taken off and we can see what before was hidden. As we should like to be in the fashion, we wish to know whether it would be right to say that we "inaugurate" our dinners when we are eating our soup, and whether we "inaugurate" our heads every time we take off our hats. We have been specially perplexed by a late telegram which "announces the inauguration of the meeting of the waters of the Nile with the Red Sea." A "banquet," it seems, took place on the occasion. We do not know whether the "banquet" and the "inauguration" are the same thing; if not, we are left hopelessly to guess what the "inauguration of a meeting of waters" may be like. From another page of the same number of the *Times* we learn the astounding fact that the Council of Trent left a widow, and that the venerable lady is still living. "What a glorious relief of the Council of

Trent!" exclaims Our Own Correspondent in a fit of eloquence. The confusion of *relie* and *relief* is not altogether new to us, but we never before saw it take so grotesque a form.

We feel also deeply obliged to Dean Alford for his protest against some of the oppressive doings of our tyrants the printers. The Dean, it seems, after a hard struggle, has emancipated his writings from the network of commas under which they had been cruelly bound down. We live in daily fear of the new-fashioned rules being applied to Greek, so that *μὴ* and *δὲ* and their brethren will never venture to appear without a guardian comma on each side of them. Dean Alford might have carried out this subject a little further. Some of the worst and most prevalent mis-spellings of words arise wholly from the caprice and conceit of printers.

We should therefore like to see the Dean expand his book in some parts and curtail it in others. And to treat his subject thoroughly, he must learn a little Comparative Philology. It is really ridiculous to talk in such a way as the following:—

It is well to bear in mind, that our English comes mainly from two sources; rather, perhaps, that its parent stock, the British, has been cut down, and grafted with the two scions which form the present tree:—the Saxon, through our Saxon invaders; and the Latin, through our Norman invaders.

Dean Alford is, we believe, not a Welshman, and, if not, why should he talk about "our Saxon invaders"? And, as the language which he writes about is "the Queen's English," what can he mean by talking about "its parent stock, the British"? This is a sort of talk with which we are only too familiar among half-educated people, but we should not have looked for it from an accomplished scholar like Dean Alford. Surely it is much simpler, as well as more scientific, to say that English is a Low-German dialect, which has, at different times, received a very small infusion of Welsh and a very large infusion of French. Just afterwards we get the stale old story about Gurth and Wamba, with a little variety. The pigs, sheep, &c. are called by "Saxon and British names." What can Dean Alford mean by "Saxon and British"? Even Scott himself, with all his blunders, his Rowena, his Ulrica, and his Zerkobok, with his descendants of Edward the Confessor and his William Rufus the grandfather of Richard I., would hardly have used the words "Saxon" and "British" as if they meant the same thing.

One word more. We must suggest to Dean Alford that, in a book or even a magazine paper, it is hardly the thing to remind his readers quite so often that he is a "dignitary of the Church," a "Very Reverend gentleman," and that he goes about in a shovel hat. Allusions of this kind might pass in a lecture to Dean Alford's own neighbours in his own city; but when the lecture gets into print, they are all quite sufficiently summed up in the words "Dean of Canterbury" in the title-page.

VIGNE'S TRAVELS IN SOUTH AMERICA.*

THE preface to the volumes before us states that the publishers had hardly placed the manuscript in the printer's hands when the author died—a plea for indulgence to which, so far as it can be honestly extended, we are disposed to give all due weight. This plea, however, is ingeniously framed so as to cover the shortcomings of the literary guardians whose responsibility may fairly be taken to have commenced when that of the author ceased. "The critical reader's" indulgence is solicited for the imperfections of a posthumous publication; but as much would evidently have been recast, and more subtracted, by Mr. Vigne, had he lived to undertake the duties of revision, it is not easy to understand why his representatives should have done so little to supply his place. The publication of a commonplace book of desultory travel, in defiance of the law of selection, is a severe trial both to the reader's patience and the writer's reputation. Both would have largely benefited by the condensation of the two volumes into one; and the fact, further alleged in the preface, that the work is neither that of a professional author nor of a commissioned tourist, renders the necessity for some such process more self-apparent than might have been the case had selection been enforced either by a definite scope of travel or by some engrossing object of scientific pursuit. The reader enters a marine-store shop from which he must be content to make his own selection; and he has to thread his way among crude memoranda, embodying not only scenes which the writer himself has witnessed, but transcripts of what others have written and thought on subjects more or less relevant to them. Mr. Vigne, in short, accumulated a large stock of raw material, which it is to be regretted has not been turned to better account—the more so that the defects are, in the main, not such as can be fairly laid to his charge, while they seriously damage the literary reputation which it remained for others to protect by their removal.

The Mexican Government has, we are told, undergone fifty-six changes of government in thirty-eight years (not including its latest phase under French occupation), and the author's acquaintance with this part of its history may possibly have tended to abridge his sojourn in a land as liable to political as to physical convulsions. Be this as it may, his experience of the country is summed up in about forty pages, and the prefix of "Travels in Mexico" really becomes a misnomer when applied to the two moderately thick volumes of which these travels form but an inconsiderable fraction. The circumstance is, however,

* *Travels in Mexico, South America, &c. &c.* By G. T. Vigne, Esq. 2 vols. London: Wm. H. Allen & Co. 1863.

only so far material as it concerns the title, for the most interesting portion of the narrative is that which has reference to the Southern continent. It is fair to warn the reader that this promised land is only reached after a series of wanderings which embrace Jamaica, Nicaragua, Grey Town, and a leap of 900 miles to New Orleans. To this may be added a pilgrimage up the Mississippi to the prairies, and a return route via Chicago and Niagara to New York. This programme carries us through two-thirds of the first volume, with little to call for special notice or to prevent our turning over its pages with all decent rapidity. On the subject of Panama, and the feasibility of direct ship communication between the Atlantic and the Pacific, the alternative, as Mr. Vigne asserts, lies between a plan involving the establishment of a series of locks on the waters of the Nicaragua, and that of constructing a canal by a deep cutting across the Isthmus of Darien in the line of the existing railway. But Mr. Forde (an engineer who had partial charge of the survey in 1852) has roughly calculated the cost of the latter scheme at not less than 100,000,000*l.*, while that of the existing line of railway communication between Aspinwall and Panama was only 1,800,000*l.*, or about 32,000*l.* per mile, an expense somewhat below the average of English railways—the distance in the latter case being a little short of forty-eight miles, and the fare charged somewhat over 5*l.* The establishment of a monthly mail service in connexion with this line has been recently proposed, and as it offers the advantage of shortening our postal communication with Australia by two months, and of abridging the voyage by as many thousand miles, the plan is one which may perhaps be accepted as the most practical mode of connecting the two oceans yet proposed consistently with any notion of a dividend. Of the merits of Captain Pim's rival Nicaraguan railway we are not in a position to judge; but the Darien canal scheme, with its sublime disregard of financial considerations, is little likely to find favour except among our neighbours, who, judging from the Suez precedent, appear to be as eager to connect seas as to go to war "for an idea."

From New York Mr. Vigne sailed to Rio Janeiro, and here, we think, is the proper commencement of his narrative. The scenery is not unlike that of the Bay of Naples, due allowance being made for the presence of tropical foliage. Other and less pleasant associations will, however, speedily remind the traveller of his neighbourhood to the tropics. The author reckons up nine different kinds of insects as ordinarily troublesome, besides extra annoyances in the way of poisonous reptiles. He classifies the cobra, rattle, and coral snake in three degrees of venomous power, that of the last forming the superlative. Then there is the sand-fly, which takes a deliberate bite out of your hand, while the chigua esconces himself in your toe—not to speak of the binchicho, which is a bug exaggerated to about ten times the size of the "London particular." The author records a simple expedient for getting rid of what he pleasantly terms "the redundancy of animal life." Previously to his occupying a room for some time disused, his host called in half-a-dozen idlers from the street, and made them sit down on the floor. After they had remained there about five minutes, he dismissed them, as the Israelites the scapegoat of old, and the room was ready for use. Buenos Ayres, the Gravesend of the Paraguay river, formed Mr. Vigne's point of departure from the Atlantic coast. Thence he made for Cordova, and after wandering in a desultory fashion from the Pampas to Potosi, he leisurely approached the stupendous barrier of the Western coast. The Indian tribes in this region observe certain peculiar customs in connexion with birth and burial, which the author notices, though on apparently hearsay evidence:—

When an addition to an Indian's family has been made, it is the father, and not the mother, who is considered to be interesting. He, literally speaking, goes to bed, shams illness, and is waited on by his wife, who is supposed to recover her strength in a very short time, as if expressly for the occasion. The best fowl is killed, the best chicken tapped, and for three or four days he remains in the hut receiving the congratulations of his friends.

In the desert of Atacama, the traveller is startled by the apparition of a tribe numbering about 600 men, women, and children. All are sitting motionless, and gazing vacantly before them. On nearer inspection the multitude proves to be a ghastly army of the dead, this being the fashion of their burial, or rather the substitute for it. There is a curious point of resemblance to Mosaic tradition in a custom practised on the occasion of building a new hut—the owner killing a llama, and striking the blood against the door-post and corners of the room.

The ruins of Titicaca, the legendary birthplace of the Peruvian monarchy, are striking alike for the enormous dimensions of their stones, and for the extreme accuracy of the masonry which unites them. Some there are which might fairly rival those of Jerusalem and Carnac. In the palace of the Incas, Mr. Vigne measured a specimen nine yards long, five broad, and four in thickness, elaborately smoothed and squared. The nicety of the workmanship is such that, though no cement is used in uniting their surfaces, the point of a penknife cannot be introduced between them. They are morticed together by corresponding grooves and projections, with a care by no means superfluous in a country where every crevice may shelter a noxious or venomous reptile. Whence these colossal blocks were procured is a mystery, as it does not appear that any similar stone is known in the vicinity. Mr. Vigne has not a little to say on their relationship to the Aztec architecture, a subject into the mazes of which we do not care to follow him. The Aztec architecture he is at much pains to trace to a Carthaginian origin. He argues that the

Carthaginians may not impossibly have drifted to the American continent, and, conversely, that the Aztec structures found on it possess certain characteristics which indicate a Punic origin. His inference from this assumption is that, in accordance with the maritime propensities derived from such an ancestry, the race would make its way from one island to another in a southerly direction to the plains of the Orinoco. With an Indian sagacity in detecting a trail invisible to ordinary wayfarers, Mr. Vigne calls attention to the identity of the first syllable of Carib with that of Carthage! Two remarks of Humboldt's seem to apply somewhat forcibly to the speculation in question—the first, that neither tradition nor historical fact connects the natives of South America with those north of the Isthmus of Panama; the second, "that in attempting to generalize ideas we should stop at the point where precise data are wanting." Of course, a good deal may be said for the Carthaginian theory, as for most others run up on a similar assumption of possibilities as facts. The appearance of Manco Copac and Mama Ocello on the banks of Lake Titicaca might, by an equal exercise of ethnological ingenuity, be referred to the legendary mission of the Sun God of Egypt. The sudden appearance of the strangers, their majestic stature, their title "Children of the Sun," and the Sun worship which they introduced—all this, it might be said, squares with the hypothesis that they were no other than Isis and Osiris; and further, it might be urged that the distance of Egypt from Peru is not much greater than that of Carthage. That Huana Copac was, at the time of the Spanish conquest, but the twelfth monarch in descent from Manca himself, and that thus Osiris, if identified with the latter, must have been a contemporary of William the Conqueror, is certainly a *prima facie* objection. So also is the alibi which might be set up for Isis, on the ground that tradition reports her to have remained at home during the absence of her lord. But if the requirements of bookmaking demand the production of a theory, and the theory can only be held together by the manufacture of ropes of sand, the ethnologist is hardly to be blamed for acting in obedience to the demand, and is not responsible for the fact that the "ropes will neither twist nor twine."

On the whole, we greatly prefer the author's descriptions to his hypotheses. He has jotted down the latter much as they first came to hand, but the loose ideas of his commonplace book are sadly out of place when carried forward into the narrative. Such memoranda may serve to illustrate the writer's train of thought sufficiently for his own purpose at the time of their entry, but are obscure and unintelligible when thus submitted to the reader. That which is a help to the one becomes a hindrance and perplexity to the other. Thus, while Mr. Vigne occasionally exerts much graphic power in describing what he has seen, he becomes loose and incoherent when he travels out of his record into matters of speculation. He notices the singular clearness of the atmosphere of Cusco, and its effect on the appearance of the Southern Cross, which he pictures as floating in mid-air with space around its constellations and space far beyond them. We transcribe his account of a phenomenon apparently peculiar to the skies of the Southern hemisphere. This is a dark space known to sailors as the "coal-sack":—

It lies on the left of the Cross as it faces an observer, and nearly touches the lower part of its major axis, which it equals in height. The curious abruptness and freshness of the oval-shaped and broken outline of its entire circumference suggests the idea of its having been formed by violence. It looks as if the canopy of heaven had been shot through. The edges of two, if not three, folds of strata, so to speak, of which the Milky Way is seemingly composed, are seen on the left side more particularly in receding perspective, and gradually leading to and blending into what appears to be black, lightless space beyond. Placed at the South Pole, and so unlike anything else in the sky, it has an aspect of special design where all around is for design. It can be imagined to be a place of exit or ingress for mighty rushing forces: the adit from light to a Tophet of outer darkness, or a "black Gehenna" with the Cross shining with a purpose in front of it.

Had De Quincy but witnessed this phenomenon under one of his opium trances, it would have inspired him with an apocalypse surpassing even his vision of the nebula of Orion as seen through Lord Rosse's telescope. The region where this appearance was noticed is a half-enchanted one, in which the beauties of the sky are rivalled by the terrors of the earth. The earth is a Paradise, but the Paradise overhangs an Inferno of central fire. Riobamba, "the plain of lightning," derives its name from its volcanic storms. Three men had been struck dead in crossing, just before the author visited it. From the summit of Ambato three great volcanoes are visible at once—Tunguragua, Chimborazo, and Cotopaxi. The eruption of the latter in 1854, after a truce of more than one hundred years, was long before predicted by Humboldt. It was heralded by the significant phenomenon of the snow melt; from its summit for two years previously, to such an extent as to sweep away the bridge of Latacunga, twenty-three miles distant. Some notion of the height of the mountain may be formed from the statement that it would out-top, by several hundred feet, Vesuvius placed on Tenerife. Mr. Vigne had the good fortune to witness it in a state of furious activity, and projecting masses as big as a good-sized London house. We will close this notice of his work with the following account of a volcanic storm, which will give no unfavourable sample of the writer's powers of description:—

It commenced to thunder and lighten, and the confusion and darkness increased with great rapidity of movement, caused by sudden contact with fiery blasts, and vast columns of heated smoke repeatedly gushing up from the crater. The whole scene was intensely interesting, and became in imagination Sinai when the smoke and glare of the volcanic flame was hidden by the density of the black cloud, now whirling over the shoulders of the mountain as if in a state of distraction;

the play of the electric fluid meanwhile being incessant, either on the rock itself, or more remarkable when discharged from one part of the clouds to another. It literally seemed to festoon the summit with lightning in Newtonian curves. I observed one flash in particular that imaged in brilliant light a zigzag course of more than a mile in length amongst the tempest of clouds and smoke. When the storm was at its worst, the thunder never ceased for an instant; it resembled the sustained discharge of artillery, varied only in tone by the occasional and terrific roaring of the volcano itself, distinguishable by its hollow and abysmal sound, and communicating a perceptible vibration to the air. But the clouds came lower and spread themselves over the sky, the rain poured down in torrents, and the lightning began to play about the plain much nearer than was pleasant. I thought it better to ride slowly, and was not sorry when it was over, leaving a strong smell of ozone in the atmosphere.

THREE POPULAR ARTISTS.

(Second Notice.)

IF Mr. Doyle thinks proper to confine his pictorial satire to good society, Mr. Leech's pencil takes a wider range. His is emphatically the jest applied to common English middle-class life. In Mr. Doyle there is a tinge of sarcasm; Mr. Leech is almost invariably good-humoured. Mr. Doyle bites, Mr. Leech simply jokes. The one draws with a purpose, and that a permanent one; the other, as the phrase is, chaffs. Mr. Doyle digs into experience for his materials, and hunts out his subjects carefully; Mr. Leech rather pokes fun at folly as it flits past him. Mr. Doyle goes to his models; Mr. Leech's subjects come to him. With the recollection of the tour of Brown, Jones, and Robinson before us, we are quite aware that Mr. Doyle can ably depict character in another style of art than the conventional exaggerations of his *Bird's-Eye Views of Society*; but he is certainly more at home in the salons of fashion, or at least he has chosen them for his field of work. Mr. Leech, with ampler materials, has taken a wider range. It is a mistake to suppose that Mr. Leech is only a comic artist. His landscapes are very powerful, and with a single touch, and with a seemingly careless hand, he contrives to give vast expanses and distances. Some of his marine sketches afford a better notion of ocean space than those of the professional sea painters. His skies and atmospheric effects, managed with only two or three apparently heedless lines, are full of truth, and his versatility is enormous. There are few artists who draw horses as well as Mr. Leech—none who draw them better. Then he is equally at home in a November cover, and on a salmon stream or the Thames. Hunting, rowing, shooting, fishing—one would think at one time that he is always in the saddle, and at another that he is never without gun and rod. There is not a single scene of out-door or in-door life which is not evidently sketched from the facts. Whether it be the seaside, the lodging-house, the street, or the gin-shop, Mr. Leech never trusts himself to draw what he has not seen. How any one man's personal experience can have been so large and varied is the real difficulty about Mr. Leech. Does he exist as an Ego? Is he not, like Kehama, self-multiplied? Are his hands and eyes and personality multitudinous? How does he find the time to be so prolific and yet so conscientiously truthful to his own experience? No doubt he repeats himself; unquestionably he has his types. But so has every great artist. His English girl is as much, and as little, monotonous as the Rubens woman or the Raffaele woman. It is his type, and tells a great deal. Pure and virtuous and buxom and healthy, not unconscious of her own good looks, with no nonsense about her, and yet not fast or flashy, his ideal English girl is creditable alike to the artist and to the life which she represents. One sees at once that she is destined to be a good mother of children, and worthily to represent what we are taught to believe is the English home life. There are some types of character which Mr. Leech has created. His Jeanne of Belgravia is a character with as much definiteness and wholeness of conception as a Polonius, or Juliet's Nurse. It is quite true that nobody ever saw in all its fulness of insolence this superb flunkey. His calves, his stately contempt of all things in heaven and earth, his supercilious patronage, his divine airs and diviner talk, are not given to us to have experienced. But we feel perfectly certain that this is the ideal footman. Now and then, in real life, one gets sudden glimpses of the character which Mr. Leech has worked up into this magnificent conception. It is impossible to be angry with so perfect a specimen of human insolence and vanity; one only gasps with silent admiration at this as at any other living model of absolute perfection. So again with the "Servant Gal" according to Leech. Like Murillo's "Beggar Boys," it is the type; it represents the species; it fulfils the complete conception. It is exhaustive and final. In his menials *à l'excelsis* there is nothing to laugh at. These ladies and gentlemen are too serious to be trifled with. The lords and tyrants of their masters and mistresses know their place in the great economy of things, and their dignity becomes them, and they become their dignity. Every body feels that Jemimer Hann was perfectly right in assigning as the cause of her being disengaged, that "the real reason were that Missus thought I were too good-looking."

But perhaps it is in his typical "Mossoo" that Mr. Leech most completely succeeds. There is nothing absolutely repulsive in him—nothing that Alphonse can more reasonably complain of than we can quarrel with Mr. Hawthorne for fastening the epithet "bulbous" upon us. But Mr. Leech evidently delights in his "Mossoo." He has studied him in the hunting-field, when he valorously expresses his intention at least "to try and catch the fox"; and when the frost stops the ardour of the Gallic

vulpecide, "Zen zare is no dogs-meet to day"; and when he is got up, after the pattern of M. Assolant, as "the British sportsman, and gone to the Derby," in all the glories of long stirrups, a hunting-whip, and a bristly hat. He has studied him on the beach at Biarritz, which contains more character and incident than Mr. Frith's mawkish "Ramsgate Sands," and depicts him bloated, bullet-headed, close-cropped, abdominal, obese; and he has studied him in that wonderful scene on the Pont Neuf, in the midst of a popular *émeute*, where fifty people, in every variety of gesticulation, gratulation, and frenzy, salute "Alphonse, who has just caught a goujon the size of his little finger." He is not, on the whole, a bad fellow, the Leechian Alphonse; he is vain, irritable, garrulous, and boastful, but not seldom able enough to turn his boasts into facts. A theme on which Mr. Leech has perhaps played the most recondite and frequent variations is the ugly old maid or advanced matron dressing in the girlish mode. Mutton dressed lamb-fashion is a social folly which Mr. Leech is never tired of exhibiting in every variety of absurd contrast. When old Miss Fribble, fresh from Eugénie's Court, introduces the walking-cane, the little steeple-hat, and the festooned jupe, she certainly "cuts those old-fashioned minxes out." When Miss Priscilla feels the only drawback of a watering-place to be that there are so many adventurers on the look-out for pretty wives; when the fair equestrian, weighing at least fourteen stone, regrets that her round hat may get her to be taken for a pretty horse-breaker; when another lady, decidedly fat and forty-five, if not fair, expresses her satisfaction with "the dear little hat which is so much more sensible and becoming than a horrid bonnet"; when Miss Stout takes to the Zouave jacket, and comes out in the ditto of Flora's "sweet pretty Swiss dress"; or when medieval Miss Matilda, batted, plumed, Balmoraed, short-kilted, and fifty, "thinks no girl of prepossessing appearance should ever go out unprotected," and takes Buttons *en attendance*; in these—and they are all taken from Mr. Leech's Fourth Series only, and a score or two of similar contrasts may be remembered—although the joke is the same, one cannot but admire the infinite wealth and exuberance of thought in varying and multiplying these pleasant and good-tempered hits at a single form of female vanity. Not that Mr. Leech abuses the liberty which men of course take in laughing at ladies; on the whole, perhaps, he gives the women the best of it. Undoubtedly, the languid swell of the period, who never rides in the afternoon because it looks as if his worshipful idleness "had some occupation, you know"; the supercilious Government clerk; "the rising generation," so knowing in wine and horseflesh, so *blasé* with the sex, so wearied of the world, and so elegantly superior to the antiquated prejudices of parents, pastors, and masters, so imperious to elder sisters and so condescending to uncles; the middle-aged and not over active volunteer, and the pompous little "gent"—all these in turn appear and reappear as the unflinching butts of Mr. Leech's jokes. They are mere jokes. Mr. Leech is not a Juvenal in art; he is never bitter, scarcely censorious. He laughs at folly, but he has not chosen to scourge vice. Perhaps he feels that the pages in which he is commissioned to laugh are not exactly a pulpit. When *Punch* attempts the high moral line it is generally dismal work. The cap and bells are not altogether inconsistent with real wisdom, and Shakespeare's Fools often rose to the dignity of a commentary on life; but the irony of Leech is superficial. It seldom touches, as the greater humorists touched, the gravity of life. And yet we must admit that, though Mr. Leech's *Sketches of Life and Character* pretend to little depth, and aim at no great or enduring moral purpose, it is much to his credit that, as he always laughs and aims at a laugh, so he never uses his powers for evil. There is not in the whole range of his art even the remotest suggestion of a sensuous thought, or the slightest hint which the chariest maiden could even in thought stumble at. There is a manliness as well as purity in Mr. Leech's style which would do honour to the craft of letters. He always trusts to firm, truthful, and literal drawing, and never condescends to trickery. He seldom takes an illiberal side on the current topics of the day. His province is that of social life, and though he is sometimes brought by the situation to expose quackery and hypocrisy, he never avails himself of his chartered liberty to hurt personal feelings, or to shock even the weaker fibres of reverence.

In Mr. Tenniel we have an artist, perhaps not of greater power and certainly not of greater versatility than Mr. Leech, but one who cultivates a more ambitious form of art. Mr. Tenniel was, if we remember rightly, first known from a remarkable cartoon exhibited in one of the Westminster-Hall competitions; and he practised chiefly in drawing, with great delicacy, serious illustrations on wood for some works of fiction. It was perhaps gradually that his powers of satire became known to himself. A man may often possess gifts of which he is unconscious; and, judging from Mr. Tenniel's academical education and technical execution, he was perhaps surprised at his own powers. A conscientious and most creditable dissatisfaction with the crude and irrational partisanship which *Punch* followed on the Papal Aggression bugbear led to Mr. Doyle's secession from that periodical, in which he had for some years, and with considerable vigour, borne the labouring oar. The vacant post of *artiste en chef* was gradually filled by Mr. Tenniel, who probably subordinates the politician to the artist. We sometimes fancy, indeed, that he works up other people's hints. He is emphatically an artist, and draws after the manner of the schools. Mr. Doyle's real style is travestied in a transparent conventionalism approaching to caricature; Mr. Leech

only affects the rough sketch-work of what simply claims to be working art; but Mr. Tenniel's style is in the highest school of art. As far as we know, he is the first who has used the highest resources of pure art in connexion with what is no longer caricature. The place for Mr. Tenniel's cartoons in the register of art has not been fixed, perhaps because he is the first to have taken this line. He is always serious, often poetical, and occasionally approaches even the sublime. Of the latter quality we may specify two or three memorable drawings. The British Lion leaping in vengeance on the Sepoy Tiger is as lofty in sentiment as true to animal history. We never saw, nor perhaps has Mr. Tenniel seen, a lion in his leap; but the snarling, crouching, venomous prostration of the more ignoble feline is very fine. With a slight tinge of the theatrical, Justice dealing Death-strokes on the Mutineers is equally good; and a group of terrified Hindoo women is graceful and touching. But the figure of England "waiting for the American message" in the Trent affair is, perhaps, Mr. Tenniel's highest serious effort. The calm, melancholy, subdued dignity of the seated female figure, ready to launch the deadly shot with a concentrated massive power, conscious of justice, and almost smiling in the serenity of repose, conveys a sense of repressed sternness which admirably reflects the attitude of England. The parody of a classical subject in Nestor-Lynnhurst haranguing the chiefs, is very clever. Mr. Tenniel rises with his subject, and, as in all poetical temperaments, one would judge that there is a shade of melancholy in his character; his epigram generally respects the seriousness of the situation. He scarcely attempts to do more than to reproduce the current floating sentiment of the day. *Punch's* politics are those of the *Times*; it follows rather than leads opinion, and, like his graver contemporary, Mr. Punch is not above the transparent device of affecting to teach when he is only repeating the common thought of ordinary society. In a collection and selection like the present, Mr. Tenniel is of course wise enough to suppress the missed blows, the broken-down hints, the balked prophecies, and unlucky guesses which are the fate of all political writers; and in its present shape his series faithfully enough reflects current history and current sentiment, both in its grandeur and littleness. In little subjects Mr. Tenniel sinks with the poverty of his theme. An example occurs in a wretched picture of the present Bishop of London, as he first appeared, ardent in new robes and the *novitas regni*, lecturing some attenuated parsons on the follies of crosses and ecclesiastical furniture. So small a subject hardly deserved a renewed life; but Mr. Tenniel may always be trusted to rise with the seriousness of the occasion. His portraits are something marvellous, with just that exaggeration which is only a certain kind of idealism; and he always gives character without a spice of offensive personality. Mr. Disraeli, perhaps, is somewhat lowered, and Lord Russell is almost always caricatured; but Lord Palmerston and Mr. Bright, who is evidently no favourite, are always admirably portrayed. Lord John Russell—he was Lord John Russell then—as a little earnest, scraggy nurse-girl, ineffectually toiling and pushing a perambulator heavily weighted with a dull Reform Bill baby up the steps of Parliament, is only less happy than the famous Page "not strong enough for the place." The exact political status of the noble Lord could not have been hit off in a score of written pages with the vivid practical recognition of character which this single drawing embodies. Mr. Bright, as the Quaker Cromwell, ordering that bauble, the Constitution, off the table of the House, is equally comprehensive. On the whole, Mr. Punch's—that is, Mr. Tenniel's—patriotism and right feeling may be safely trusted. Unlike Gilray, *Punch* seldom swaggers and brags. In the *Look out for Squalls*, John Bull, as a burly foretopman of the *Britannia*, looks down with good-humoured contempt on the melodramatic small Yankee captain, who struts in all the blood-and-thunder savagery of revolvers and buff-boots; but John Bull is not an offensive egotist. In this respect an English political artist has the advantage of his Parisian rival. In the *Charivari*, France is always a semi-nude female taken from the *coulisses*; it would not be permitted in Paris to draw the Emperor in a pictorial *feuilleton*. But in *Punch* we can symbolise Government either by the conventional Britannia, or by the Queen, or by the abstract John Bull, or by the Premier of the day. This gives great scope to variety. And what is curious is, that Mr. Tenniel always contrives to give the air and manner of a gentleman to all his political characters, in whatever grotesque masquerade he may think proper to draw them. If Lord Palmerston is an ostler, or a cabinet-maker, or a policeman, he is always a gentleman. Mr. Punch himself, in his various disguises, shows good breeding under his hump. John Bull in the Windsor Uniform, though coarse and burly in frame, yet shows blood and race, though it is a mistake in this picture to make him present the Queen with the Exhibition Building of 1862 after the abortive three-domed design of Captain Fowke. It would perhaps be impossible with truth to give Earl Russell the marks of personal dignity; but with all his sourness and irritable pertness of character, Mr. Tenniel does justice to the Foreign Secretary's honesty and intellectual quickness.

But it is in his treatment of the American question that Mr. Tenniel perhaps most justly reflects the better public opinion of the country. In the outset of the secession, a domestic wrangle was a sufficient, and at that time complete, account of the ancient dispute; it was only "a Family Quarrel," hard words, angry gestures, and a separate maintenance. But as the terrible war went on, the figures were changed. It was no longer Carolina the wife leaving Jonathan the husband, but

two deadly foes, two serpentlike men, writhing in a deadly struggle over a precipice, each armed with the bowie knife. And if our cousins want to know why England has changed her general sentiments with respect to the North, Mr. Tenniel's portrait of the typical Yankee—hard, selfish, swaggering and boastful, unfeeling and pitiless—will teach him. Here is History in a very practical compendium, reduced to its smallest compass, and posterity will probably have reason to say that our political story cannot be read without the aid of *Punch's* cartoons. The general effect is sufficiently rendered; and the value of these contemporaneous records is that they establish the current common interpretation of events. These illustrations of course do away with a good deal of that misty generalization which is called the philosophy of history. They tell us of history made by men of a very common stamp—persons certainly of passions, habits, oddities, and absurdities much like our own. They detract a good deal from the heroic attitude of great folks; and they are only possible in a state of society, and under political conditions, which can be trusted with the free expression of thought. To say that a Tenniel would be impossible in the present condition of either France or Italy is to say nothing; but the freedom which gives or makes a place for a Tenniel in our social system, and can trust the political satirist with such freedom, is creditable to us. We do not argue that the prosecution of Hone for his *House that Jack Built* was wise; and it may be said also that, the condition of things under the Regency being now impossible, therefore a Hone is impossible; but it is much to our credit that they are impossible. And, anyhow, such power and such license as is given to our pictorial annalists is very great. It might be abused; it might be used as an engine for driving the wheel of popular prejudice against existing institutions. It might be dangerous to order, law, morality, society itself. On the whole, this power of the pencil is exercised on the right side. To be sure, it always addresses a certain amount of educated thought; and the weekly cartoon of *Punch* is caviare to Mr. Bright's model franchise man, the British hind. But that middle-class life can, as it does, generally accept Mr. Tenniel's meaning commentary on public men and things as its own deliberate and self-formed conclusions, betokens on the whole a sound and healthy body politic.

We should be omitting one point in which Mr. Tenniel's *Cartoons from Punch* deserve especial credit were we to fail in remarking how very creditable the wood-cutting usually is. That a drawing of this size, and often of this elaborate detail, should be sketched and cut, and generally so well cut, in perhaps a couple of days or less, is a remarkable achievement as a mere technical process of art.

JANET'S HOME.*

JANET'S HOME is neither a very brilliant nor a matured performance; but it possesses qualities which are more valuable than brilliancy, and which promise a maturity of uncommon excellence. In strict agreement with its title, it is a novel of the domestic class, and relates the story of home life and circumstance from the earliest times—"from the precise moment in my mental life when my self-consciousness was awakened into the overweening activity which has caused me so much trouble and so many mortifications ever since"—down to the period when all the principal *dramatis personæ* are on the high road to living happily till their death. At the time when the curtain rises, the home circle consists, first, of an affectionate but austere and formidable father, who is head-master of a school in London, and also a professor of history. Professor Scott is doomed to become gradually blind, and the steps by which he advances to a consciousness of his fate, and the manner in which he finally meets it, give point and life to a character which would otherwise be unnaturally harsh and strained. Being at length confined, as a last chance of recovery, to a dark room, he conceives one morning the notion that total blindness has in reality come upon him, and the experiment by which he tests his condition is thus excellently told:—

"Janet, come here," he said. "What sort of a morning is it?"

"A bright sunny morning," I answered.

"Then, dear, you must do something for me. Open all the shutters quite wide, and let in the sunshine."

I hesitated a little, and then, understanding suddenly the motive of his request, I walked across the room and let in the full light of a sunshiny spring morning.

"Are the shutters open?" my father asked.

"Yes, wide open," I answered tremblingly.

Putting his hands before him with an uncertain movement I had never seen before, my father walked forward till he stood opposite the window. The light fell full upon his wide-opened eyes, and I felt sure, from their fixed, unshrinking expression, that they were now entirely sightless.

"Come and stand between me and the light, Jenny."

I obeyed.

"You are there?"

"Yes, close to you, dearest papa," I said.

He put out his hand, but did not at first succeed in placing it on my head.

"Yes, you are there; but, Janet, my child, I cannot see you. It is as I expected—I am quite blind. I cannot even see the light. I have suspected for the last week that it would be so; now I know. God's will be done!"

I came close to him, and threw my arms round his neck, and we stood for a moment or two silent together. He had often told me that it would be to him the hardest trial of all to give up the last glimmer of light. He prized such dim vision as he had lately had far more than most people do their perfect sight. The prospect of changing that for total darkness had been

* *Janet's Home*. 2 vols. London and Cambridge: Macmillan & Co. 1863.

very terrible to him. The dreaded moment had come now, and he met it with a calm, almost triumphant smile on his face.

This passage in the home scenes is particularly deserving of notice for another reason. It most truthfully describes the agonizing episodes of suffering which may break the tenor of life in even the quietest household. On that same morning news had arrived that the favourite son, Charlie Scott, was dangerously ill at College. In moments of delirium he had been perpetually calling for his father, to whom to undertake a journey would be to throw up his last chance of sight. The mother nerves herself to the effort of going in his place, and only a few minutes remain before the time of starting, when she is called on to hear that her husband can after all accompany her, but only for the reason that the cherished hopes of his recovery are now entirely and hopelessly gone. These are the situations that really try people, and either reduce the men and women of everyday life to utter helplessness or transform them into heroic doers and sufferers. The effect of this entire scene in *Janet's Home* is very striking indeed; yet not only is the narrative carried on with the utmost simplicity, but it is not indebted for a single particle of the effect to anything beyond the legitimate action and probable complication of simple and natural causes. It would be an amusing exercise in style to translate this quiet and almost businesslike paragraph into that idiom of French fiction which would be allotted to a scene of the same kind:—

I had some difficulty in reconciling my mother to my father's taking the journey. She could not bring herself to acknowledge that hope for him was indeed over. Her mind refused to take in at once two such calamities as this morning had brought us. However, the necessity for exertion helped her to keep calm. There was not much time for discussion. My father would not allow the journey to be delayed a moment longer than was absolutely necessary. In less than two hours after that morning's post came in, Nesta and I found ourselves for the first time alone in the house.

The *materfamilias* of *Janet's Home* is a yet better piece of drawing than the professor. Born the heiress of a fine property at Morfa, in Wales, and deprived of it by certain mortgage transactions, Mrs. Scott lives in London as in exile. Her imagination is rooted and grounded in Wales. The minute touches by which her way of endurance is described, and her gentle character gradually painted, are among the very best things in the book. She lets her work drop into her lap occasionally on evenings, when the professor is away at his lectures, and holds the children spell-bound by old tales and descriptions of Morfa. They know by imagination every stick and stone about the place, and follow the bright life of their mother's childhood through sea-side rambles and adventurous mountain rides. But the spell breaks, and sewing and lessons begin again, when the story reaches the inevitable words, "So you see it was your father I married, my dears, and we came to live in West Street, where grandmamma Scott died, and where Hilary was born." There happen to be a few acres of the old property still unalienated, and therefore belonging to Mrs. Scott. These are rented by her uncle, the mortgagee; and with the Morfa cheque annually received she buys only the most precious things, little home treasures, and presents for her husband and children. Even the towels and napkins of the house are divided into the fine Wynne kind (Wynne was the Morfa family name) and the coarse Scott. Miss Austen has somewhere compared her own novels to "a little bit of ivory, two inches wide," on which she worked with a brush so fine as to produce little effect after much labour. The authoress of *Janet's Home* has been justly said to resemble Miss Austen, and the resemblance is nowhere so strong as in the portraiture of Mrs. Scott. In the case of both writers, the remark about "little effect" must be taken *cum grano*, and in a simply artistic sense. A miniature can never produce as much effect as a wide piece of canvas, but it may give as much and more delight. There are passages in *Janet's Home* which one feels that it would be a real pleasure to keep near at hand, and to read over now and then; nor can much higher praise than this be given to an author's early work. And, though the book is closed without any very powerful sense of admiration, few people who have read it will fail to recur to it with feelings like those with which an old friend is remembered.

Janet herself must be classed, with her two brothers, Hilary and Charlie, as a raw character, only half thought out. She makes her entrance as a gaunt, gloomy girl of nine, who is awakened to self-consciousness by casually hearing her mother describe her as "just now at an ugly age;" and this, too, at a time when, through a stealthy perusal of *Evelina*, she had discovered that mankind may be divided, not only into the bad and the good, but into the beautiful and the ugly, and that though to be ugly is not exactly a disgrace—her conscience would not let her think that—yet it is something exceedingly undesirable and inglorious. She develops into a prodigy of helpfulness, getting up Latin and Greek to assist her brother towards a scholarship, gradually fathoming her father's reserve and acting as his ministering angel during the long days of deepening darkness, and, after prodigious efforts, learning to help her mother with the Wynne and Scott towels and napkins. Her future husband—a junior master in the school, quite as helpful for a man as she for a woman—makes love by relieving her of bundles of exercises and equations which Janet was in the habit of taking off her father's hands, and deciphers, by the etchings on the margins, what books and people she has been interested in from time to time. As for the two brothers, Hilary is not very much more like a real living gentleman of the modern English type than a man in steel armour would be. He is one of those eminently stern, iron-willed heroes who so often seem to loom before the vision

of clever women as the ideal of what man ought to be. Charlie, the younger of the two, is simply a clever, idle scapegrace, clever enough to balk his senior out of a school exhibition, and idle enough to get plucked instead of winning (as he was meant to do) the Craven.

A more pretentious aim is shown by the authoress in the sketches of Lady Helen Carr and her ingenious and poetical son Shafto. Lady Helen spends life in scheming, first for herself and afterwards for her son. Many years before the period of the main story she had nearly schemed herself into Morfa, and it was now her design to scheme her son into it. In this wish she is aided and abetted by Mr. Lester, the present owner, who had long been one of her sworn friends, and whose wayward half-Italian grand-daughter Rosamond, now sole heiress of the estate, was to marry the famous Shafto. It is in working out the complications arising from this design that the authoress appears to us to open a totally distinct vein of talent from that which produces the minute finish of the Austen novel. Shafto and Rosamond are two perfectly independent and self-supporting beings. The lady has the spirit of an heiress and of a half-foreign orphan, and the gentleman has blue blood in his veins and wits in his head. The kettle of fish which Lady Helen, the half-benignant and half-malignant fairy of the tale, contrives to concoct before fate proves too strong for her, is imagined and served up, if not with consummate skill, with great force of invention and great power of work. Fate eventually marries the genius to Nesta Scott, Janet's lovely younger sister, the contrast between whom and herself had served still more powerfully to illustrate the division of mankind into the beautiful and the ugly. And Rosamond, after being deposed from her high estate by the reinstatement of the Scotts into the Morfa property—a result which Janet's painstaking lover had been fortunate enough to accomplish by the discovery of a duplicate deed—is induced to "still be Lady Clare" by becoming the wife of Hilary. Nearly the whole family cluster round Morfa, where the blind professor builds a church for his favourite son. The account of his harvest sermon reminds one of Amyas Leigh's address to the Devon villagers, after the burial of Salvation Yeo:—

My father usually leaves the church-services to Charlie, having a needless distrust of his own little-exercised powers of preaching; but sometimes he gives us a sermon, and if it is known beforehand, the villagers come for miles round to the little Tan-y-Coed church to hear the blind gentleman preach. The last time I heard him was one September afternoon, after the harvest-thanksgiving service, and the congregation was so large that we had to abandon all pretence of gathering inside the building, and adjourn to the churchyard on the sloping hill-side. The door of the church was open, and Charlie read the service from the desk duly, his fine voice being clearly audible outside; but my father came and stood to preach by the one mound that had yet broken the smooth green surface, destined in a few years to be furrowed with graves. It was a very still day, and we could hear, far below us, the high tide lapping against the steep sides of Tan-y-Coed Head. Now and then a sea-gull's or cormorant's cry rose shrill; now and then the distant bleating of sheep from the opposite side of the hill mixed pleasantly with the sea music.

My father stood silent for a moment or two after Charlie led him to his place, listening to these sounds. Then, as if a sudden thought had struck him, he gave out his text. I knew it was not the one he had intended to speak about. "The earth is the Lord's!" he said, in a tone of solemn triumph and satisfaction. "The earth is the Lord's!" He dwelt on the words; they were to him a song of joy, which he could not repeat too often on this perfect day, when the wealth of the year had been safely gathered, and the labours of the year brought to a successful close.

Janet herself is said to have once thought that the height of human felicity must consist in writing a book which should run through five editions and be reviewed in the *Quarterly*. After actually going through the drudgery of composing a novel, the writer of *Janet's Home* is probably disposed to adopt a different standard for herself. She is, however, justly entitled to all the encouragement that a favourable reception by the press can give her. This early work bears, it is true, strong marks of resemblance to preceding models; but it also shows enough resource and discrimination to justify the expectation that she will strike out an independent and distinguished path for herself.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We beg leave to state that it is impossible for us to return rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

NOTICE.

The publication of the "SATURDAY REVIEW" takes place on Saturday mornings, in time for the early trains, and copies may be obtained in the Country, through any News-Agent, on the day of publication.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

ROYAL ENGLISH OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.—Under the Management of Miss LOUISA FAYNE and Mr. W. HARRISON.—On Monday January 11, and during the week. To commence with an entirely new Opera, entitled, *FANCHETTE*; Music by W. C. Levey; in which Miss Louisa Fayne and Mr. W. Harrison will appear. After which, the Grand Christmas Pantomime, *HARLEQUIN ST. GEORGE* and the *DRAGON*. St. George, Mr. W. H. Payne. Harlequinade by Miss Estlin, Harry Payne, Fred Payne. The Brothers Stonette. Commence at Seven. Notice.—A Morning Performance every Wednesday, at Two.

MEMORIAL to LORD CLYDE.—Subscriptions to the above Fund may be paid at the Office, 16 Waterloo Place, Pall Mall, and the Branch Bank of England, Burlington Gardens, in addition to the Bankers and Army and Navy Agents already advertised.

QUEEN'S COLLEGE, London, 67 and 68 Harley Street, W.
Incorporated by Royal Charter, 1833, for the General Education of Ladies, and for granting Certificates of Knowledge.

Patron.
Her Majesty the QUEEN.
H.R.H. the PRINCESS OF WALES.
Visitor.—The LORD BISHOP OF LONDON.
Principal.—The DEAN OF WESTMINSTER.
Lady Resident.—Miss PARRY.
Committee of Professors.
ANTONIO BAGOY. Rev. F. D. MAURICE, M.A.
W. STERNDALE BENNETT, Mus. D. Rev. M. MEYRICK, A.R.C.
Rev. T. A. COKE, M.A. Rev. E. H. PLUMPTRE, M.A.
Rev. F. GARDEN, M.A. W. CAVE THOMAS.
WILLIAM HUGHES, F.R.G.S. HENRY WARREN.
JOHN HULLAH. G. WEIL, Ph. D.
ALPH. MARLETTE, M.A.

The Classes for the Lent Term will meet on Monday the 18th inst. Individual Instruction in Vocal Music is given by Mr. GIBSON BAXTER; and in Instrumental by Messrs. DONNELL, JOHN JAY, and OLIVER MAR. and Misses GARDEN, C. GARDEN, SAWYER, and BACULAY. Conversation Classes in Modern Languages are formed on the entry of Six Sisters. Arrangements are made for the reception of B. orders.

Prospectuses, with full particulars as to Fees, Scholarships, &c., may be had on application to Mrs. WILLIAMS, at the College Office.

E. H. PLUMPTRE, M.A., Dean.

QUEEN'S COLLEGE SCHOOL, 67 and 68 Harley Street, W.
Lady Superintendent.—Miss HAY.
Assistant.—Miss TUCKER.

The Senior and Junior Divisions of the School for Pupils above Ten and Five respectively will meet for the Lent Term on the 18th inst.
Prospectuses, with full particulars, may be had on application to Mrs. WILLIAMS, at the College Office.

E. H. PLUMPTRE, M.A., Dean.

GOTHIC-HOUSE COLLEGE, Clapham Rise, Stockwell, S.
This German, French, and Classical Establishment has just been enlarged by the addition of the adjoining premises, whereby increased accommodation as regards Class Rooms, Dormitories, and domestic arrangements generally has been secured, as well as an extensive field for Cricket, Foot-ball, &c., and a larger Playground for Drilling and Gymnastic exercises; a spacious Swimming Bath is in course of construction. Preparation for Military, Civil Service, and other Examinations. Number limited. Terms, entirely inclusive, from 80 to 100 Guineas, according to age and requirements. Will Re-open January 15, 1864.—For detailed Prospectuses and other particulars apply to the Principal.

QUEEN ELIZABETH'S SCHOOL, IPSWICH, will
Re-open January 25.—Prospectuses may be had on application to Rev. Dr. HOLMES, Head-Master.

DENMARK HILL GRAMMAR SCHOOL, near London.
Principal. C. P. MASON, B.A., Fellow of University College, London.—The Pupils of the above-named School will Re-assemble on Monday, January 18. Prospectuses and Statements of the Successes achieved by the Pupils at the Examinations conducted by the Universities of Oxford, Cambridge, and London, may be obtained on application at the School, and of Messrs. BAZZAS, Booksellers, School Bookellers, 130 Aldersgate Street, E.C.

CHATHAM HOUSE COLLEGE SCHOOL, Ramsgate.
The Term for 1864 will commence January 25. A Prospectus of Terms (which are moderate) and further information may be obtained of the Rev. the Principal.
Four Boys from this School passed the Senior Oxford Local Examination in June last, all of them in Honours.

REIGATE HILL HOUSE, Reigate, Surrey, under the Rev.
THOMAS ROSCOE REDE STEBBING, M.A., Fellow of Worcester College, Oxford, and late Tutor and Assistant-Master at Wellington College. Terms, £130 a year.—January 20.

CLARE MOUNT SCHOOL, WALLASEA.—
Head Master. The Rev. W. CLAYTON GREENE, M.A., late Senior Scholar of Clare College, Cambridge, and late Fellow of Christ Church, Oxford, resident English and Foreign Masters. This School has been most successful in the University Local Examinations. In the Examinations of June last the First Junior Candidate in the Kingdom was sent from this School. Clare Mount is most healthily situated near the Sea.—Address, Clare Mount, Wallasea, near Birkenhead.

EASTMAN'S R.N. ESTABLISHMENT, Southsea.—More than 700 Pupils have entered Her Majesty's Service. Pupils received from Nine Years of Age and upwards on inclusive Terms.—For every information, address Dr. STEVENSON, as above.

DARWEN LODGE, Woodford, near London (on the borders
of Epping Forest).—Miss LUCY DUFF Re-opens her Establishment for the Education of Young Ladies, January 19.

PRIVATE PREPARATIONS for COMPETITIVE MILITARY EXAMINATIONS—at BLESSINGTON HALL, Le Kent—under a Cambridge Wrangler and University Professor. Two Commissions without Purchase just obtained. Two passed for Sandhurst. Two preparing for Woolwich, Three for the Line. TWO VACANCIES.—High References from Principal.

THE Rev. W. H. JOHNSTONE, M.A., Bromsgrove House, Gt. Oxon, for Nineteen Years Professor, Examiner, and Chaplain in the late Military College, Addiscombe, prepares TWELVE PUPILS for the various Public Examinations. At the recent Sandhurst Examination, Mr. Clarke, First on the List, and 1,384 marks above the Second Candidate, was prepared entirely by Mr. Johnstone.

A CLERGYMAN, late Fellow of his College, assisted by the
Second Classic of his year at Cambridge, receiving Eleven Pupils to be prepared for the Universities, Indian Civil Service, Woolwich, and the Line, will have TWO VACANCIES after January 25.—Address, R. E., King Street, Bloomsbury Square.

THE Rev. H. F. CLINTON, M.A., Incumbent of Bothamall, near Oxford, Note, Domestic Chaplain to the Duke of Newcastle, wishes to receive into his house TWO or THREE BOYS, ages from Nine to Twelve, to be Educated with his own sons for Public Schools, by a resident Tutor, a Clergyman, Graduate of Oxford. German and French are taught in addition to the usual branches of Education. German is constantly spoken, a German Governess living in the house. The situation is high and healthy, in the best part of North—Reference is kindly permitted to a Nobleman of the highest rank.

WOOLWICH, SANDHURST, and the LINE.—A Married
Clergyman, M.A., Wrangler at Trinity College, Cambridge, takes PUPILS. Successful at Five Consecutive Woolwich Examinations.—Address, M.A., Dorset, near Windsor.

THE HEAD MASTER of University College School, London,
receives a very few PUPILS as Boarders.

TUITION.—A Clergyman, who receives Twelve Pupils
to prepare for the Universities, and for the Competitive Examinations for the Army and Civil Service, will shortly have VACANCIES. The advertiser has been successful in each of the last Six Examinations for Woolwich.—Address, Rev. M.A., Mr. Martin's Library, Blackheath, S.E.

NICE.—An English Clergyman, M.A. Oxford, who has had
great Experience in Tuition, receives PUPILS to prepare them for the Public Schools, the Universities, or the Civil Service. The highest References and Testimonials.—Address, C. B., Mr. Lewis, 15 Gower Street North, W.C.

HINDUSTANI PROFESSOR.—A Retired Officer, long an
Interpreter (passed in three Indian Languages), desires ENGAGEMENTS. Private Lessons, Town or Country.—Address, Colonel C. 6 Half Moon Street, Piccadilly, W.

WANTED, in the Country, a GRADUATE OF OXFORD or
CAMBRIDGE (not in Orders) as TUTOR to Two Boys, Ages Eighteen and Thirteen, one who has had Experience in teaching Classics, Mathematics, French, good Drawing, and Bookkeeping. Must not be under Thirty Years of Age. Highest References required. Candidates will be pleased to state their Degrees, Married or Single, the Salary they expect, and all Particulars.—Address, A. B., care of Mr. Hathway, 16 Royal Exchange, London.

TO LITERARY ASPIRANTS, PARENTS, &c.—A Man of
Letters, who has contributed to Newspapers and Periodicals of the highest standing, wishes to obtain the LEARN of £25 per Annum. An Interest on the Loan he would be willing to give weekly a Lesson on English Composition. The Lessons, which would be arranged on a very peculiar plan, and might be either verbal or written, would enable the Pupil in a short time to write in a clear, vigorous, picturesque, and lucid style. The highest references given as to character, and specimens furnished of the Advertiser's Contributions to the London Press.—Address, in the first place, X. Z. Y. X., City News Rooms, 103 Cheapside, London.

TO CAPITALISTS.—LITERARY.—An Opportunity occurs,
in connection with Literary and Trade Journalism, by which a Gentleman of suitable qualifications, investing £250, absolutely without risk, may realise an income commensurate with a sum per annum nearly equal to his investment, and certain to increase very considerably.—Address, A.C.W., News Room, Peck's Coffee House, Fleet Street.

APARTMENTS FURNISHED.—A Private Family have a
good Drawing-room and best Bed-room to spare, and another Room if required. No Children or other Lodgers.—Address, 8, 7 Kilbare Gardens, W.

HYDROPATHY.—SUDBROOK PARK, RICHMOND HILL,
Surrey.—Physician, Dr. E. W. LANE, M.A., M.D. Edin. The TURKISH BATH on the premises, under Dr. Lane's medical direction. Consultations in London at the City Turkish and Hydropathic Baths, 5 South Street, Finsbury, every Tuesday and Friday, between One and Four.

THE CONSERVATIVE LAND SOCIETY.—The taking of
Land is quite optional, as Investors without any partnership liability may either take out shares, to receive half-yearly five per cent. per annum, or may open Accounts in the Deposit Department without being members of the Society, with a fixed rate of interest at four per cent. per annum, payable half-yearly. Both in the Share and Deposit Departments the Investor has the privilege of withdrawing his money at fixed periods.
Prospectuses sent free to any part of the world.

CHARLES LEWIS GRUNSEIN, Secretary.

Offices, 33 Norfolk Street, Strand.

MONEY.—£10,000.—Immediate ADVANCES are MADE
to Officers in the Army and others, with security and dispatch, by a Private Gentleman, upon Note of Hand, Life Interests, Reversions, Legacies, Land, Houses, or other Property. Interest, 5 per cent.—Address, A. B., 6 Norris Street, St. James's, S.W.

CHARTERED BANK OF INDIA, AUSTRALIA, and
CHINA.

Head Office.—20 THREADNEEDLE STREET, LONDON.

Incorporated by Royal Charter. Paid-up capital, £44,000.
With Agencies and Branches at Bombay, Kurrachee, Calcutta, Rangoon, Singapore, Batavia, Hongkong, and Shanghai.

The Corporation buy and sell bills of exchange, payable at the above-named places, issue letters of credit, and undertake the purchase and sale of Indian Government and other securities, and receive deposits at interest, the terms for which may be known on application.

DEBENTURES at 5, 5½, and 6 per Cent.
CEYLON COMPANY, LIMITED.

Directors.

LAWFORD ACLAND, Esq., Chairman.

Sir J. D. H. ELPHINSTONE, Bart., M.P. STEPHEN P. KENNARD, Esq.
HARRY GEORGE GORDON, Esq. PATRICK F. ROBERTSON, Esq.
GEORGE IRELAND, Esq. ROBERT SMITH, Esq.
DUNCAN JAMES KAY, Esq. Sir S. VILLIERS SUITEES, K.B.

Manager.—C. J. BRAINE, Esq.

The Directors are prepared to ISSUE DEBENTURES for One, Three, and Five Years, at 5, 5½, and 6 per cent. respectively.
They are also prepared to invest money on mortgage in Ceylon and Mauritius, either with or without their guarantee, as may be arranged.
Applications for particulars to be made at the Office of the Company, 12 Leadenhall Street, London.

By Order, JOHN ANDERSON, Secretary.

EQUITABLE ASSURANCE OFFICE.—Established in
1782.—Under a recent Bye Law, the Directors of the Equitable Life Assurance Society are empowered to assure the Lives of Persons residing at a Distance from London without requiring their Personal Attendance at the Office.
Assurances may thus be effected without Expense by direct Correspondence with the Office in London.

For Prospectuses apply to ARTHUR MORGAN, Actuary.

New Bridge Street, Blackfriars.

BRITANNIA LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY,
1 PRINCES STREET, BANK, LONDON.

Established 1827.

Empowered by Special Act of Parliament, 4 Viet. cap. 9.

Every Description of Life Assurance Business transacted.

ANDREW FRANCIS, Secretary.

£1000 in Case of Death, or an Allowance of £6 per Week
while laid up by Injury caused by ACCIDENT of any KIND, whether Walking, Riding, Driving, Hunting, Shooting, Fishing, or at Home, may be secured by an Annual Payment of £3 to the RAILWAY PASSENGERS' ASSURANCE COMPANY.
For Particulars, apply to the Offices, 10 Regent Street, and 41 Cornhill.

WILLIAM J. VIAN, Secretary.

LONDON LIBRARY, 12 St. James's Square, London, S.W.
Founded in 1811.

Patron.—H.R.H. the PRINCE OF WALES.

President.—The Earl of CLARENDON, K.G.

Vice-Presidents.
Earl Stanhope.
The Lord Bishop of Oxford.
His Excellency M. Van de Weyer.
Trustees.
The Earl of Clarendon.
The Earl of Carnarvon.
George Grote, Esq.
Committee.
J. Alderson, M.D.
Rev. John Barlow.
Sir J. P. Boscawen, Bart.
Rev. W. H. Brookfield.
E. H. Bunbury, Esq.
Thomas Carlyle, Esq.
Rev. F. C. Cook.
E. Crey, Esq.
John Forster, Esq.
A. Haydon, Esq., Q.C.
Lord Houghton.
Leonard Horner, Esq.
Members.
T. H. Key, Esq.
Sir John Shaw Lefevre.
Herman Merivale, C.B.
The Very Rev. Dean Milman.
Sir R. Phillips, D.C.L., Q.C.
H. Reeve, Esq.
The Lord Bishop of St. David's.
Goldwin Smith, Esq.
The Archbishop of Dublin.
Hon. E. Twicken.
Travers Twiss, Q.C.

This Library offers to its Members the use of a large and choice Collection of Books, numbering upwards of 50,000 volumes of Ancient and Modern Literature, which are arranged upon shelves (to which all the Members have access) in the following 25 divisions:

1. Ancient History, Greek and Latin Classics; including the collections of Boeckh, Gruter, Grævius, Gronovius, Muratori, &c.
2. Ecclesiastical History; including the Acts Sanctorum, Baronii Annales, Bullarium Romanum, Concilia, &c.
3. Theology; including the Fathers of the Church, Parker Society Publications, Puritan and Nonconformist Writers, &c.
4. Modern European History.
5. Voyages and Travels; including the rare collections of Purchas, Hakluyt, Ramusio, Valentyn, &c.
6. Biography.
7. History of Great Britain and Ireland.
8. British County History, Topography, Heraldry, and Family History.
9. Parliamentary History, including "Hansard's Debates," Collected Speeches, Reports of Committees and Commissions.
10. Publications of the Record Commissions, and of the Master of the Rolls.
11. Statutes of the Realm and Law Books.
12. Lexicology and Philology; including Dictionaries and Grammars of various Languages; Encyclopaedia, English and Foreign.
13. Bibliography and Literary History.
14. Moral and Political Philosophy.
15. Art and Science.
16. Transactions and Publications of Learned Societies (English and Foreign).
17. Reviews, Magazines, and other serials, bound in sets.
18. Novels and Romances, old and new.
19. English Poetry and Drama.
20. English Miscellaneous Prose Literature.
21. Works on India and Australia; including Publications of the Oriental Translation Fund.
22. French Literature: Historical, Documentary, Poetical, &c.
23. German Literature: including the Historical Collections ofertz, Pertz, Westphalen, &c.
24. Italian Literature: General and Historical; including the Collections of Muratori, Gravina, Alberti, &c.
25. Spanish Literature: including a rare Collection of Comedias Sueltas.

A new Edition of the Catalogue of the Books, with a Classified Index of Subjects, forming a total octavo volume of 1,000 pages, is in the press.
Terms of Admission.—Subscription, £3 a year, without entrance fee, or £3 a year, with entrance fee of £1 Life Membership, £25.
Fifteen Volumes are allowed to Country Members, ten to Residents in Town. Reading-room open from Ten to Six.

R. HARRISON, Sec. and Librarian.

THE UNITED LIBRARIES, 307 Regent Street, W., next the
Royal Polytechnic Institution.—All the New Books in English, French, German, Italian, and Spanish Literature are added immediately on Publication, in large numbers suited to the probable demand.—Subscription from One Guinea. Catalogues and Terms sent on application, as also the New List of Surplus Copies, at greatly reduced Prices.

Booth's, Casson's, Houson's, and Saunders & Orley's, 307 Regent Street, London.